

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

LITTLE JOHNNY BROWN OR HOW A SMART BOY MADE MONEY

AND OTHER STORIES

A WALL STREET
STORY
By A Self-Made Man



The man suddenly snatched the satchel from the broker's hands and started for the curb. Little Johnny Brown dived forward, football fashion, and seized the rascal by one leg. The fellow lost his balance and pitched into an apple cart.

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Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 806

NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1921.

Price 7 Cents

LITTLE JOHNNY BROWN

OR, HOW A SMART BOY MADE MONEY

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Johnny Goes On An Errand.

"Johnny," said Broker Douglas, "take this note to William Benson, of Benson & Wheat, No. — Beaver street, and wait for an answer. It's important."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, whose other name was Brown, and who, on account of his small stature, was generally known as Little Johnny Brown. What Johnny lacked in height he made up in other ways. He was the sharpest messenger on the Street. He could comprehend what was going on at the other side of a millstone whether there was a hole in it or not, as the saying is. He had shrewd gray eyes, a pleasant, good-looking face, and a smile that was child-like and bland. He was popular with his fellow-messengers, and most every broker he came in contact with liked him. His father, who had been a truckman, was dead, and his mother, having been left without resources, had been compelled to go out working by the day, cleaning offices and stores and picking up any kind of a job she was suited for. As her income varied according to her luck she had had a hard time supporting her son and herself in three cheap rooms on the lower East Side while Johnny went through the common school in the next block. As soon as he graduated his mother looked to him to help keep the pot boiling, and Johnny, feeling that he couldn't do too much for such a good mother as he was blessed with, got a hustle on, and by great good fortune secured the position of office boy and messenger with Broker Douglas, with whom he had now been two years. Broker Douglas thought a whole lot of Johnny, and often remarked that he was as good as any two other messengers in Wall Street. At any rate, he wouldn't have traded Johnny off for any other broker's boy, not if he got a considerable bonus to boot. Johnny was equally well satisfied with his employer. He considered him the best boss in the financial district, and made no bones about saying so with much emphasis whenever a comparison of employers came up among the other boys he stood in with. Johnny slapped on his hat and started for Hanover street. He had never been at the office of Benson & Wheat, but that made no difference to him, for he got there as quickly as if he were accustomed to going there every day. Benson & Wheat had just hired a new office boy, and this was his first day. He wasn't quite up in the ropes yet. He came forward and asked Johnny what he could do for him.

Mr. Benson in?" asked Johnny, in a busi-

ness-like tone, that had grown habitual with him.

"No, but he ought to be in any minute," said the boy.

"All right, then I'll wait," said Johnny. "I've got an important message for him and have got to take back an answer."

"Then you'd better go in his room," said the new boy, instead of telling the messenger to sit down in the outer room, as was customary. "Lead the way," said Johnny. He was shown into Mr. Benson's private office, which was fitted up with a rug, a desk, a ticker, a safe, a filing-cabinet, a leather upholstered lounge and several chairs to match. On one side of the safe stood a big arm-chair that looked so inviting that Johnny took possession of it and found it exceedingly comfortable. Here he was hidden from the view of any one entering the room. Five minutes passed away, which Johnny employed in sizing up the contents of the room and comparing it with his boss' sanctum. Then he picked up a morning paper and looked it over. It was the liveliest journal in the city and was embellished with many pictures. At the end of another five minutes Johnny was gazing admiringly at a quartette of popular baseball stars connected with one of the major leagues. The paper he held wide open in his hands gradually dropped toward him as he drifted off to sleep, and thirty minutes from the time he entered the room he was dead to the world, so to speak. The paper enveloped so much of his person that only his legs from his knees down were visible, and as the tint of his trousers was not unlike the covering of the chair, hardly any one would have supposed that the big chair was occupied by anything except the spread newspaper. At any rate, the two men who came in a few minutes later had no suspicion that anybody but themselves was in the room, as the boy was on the other side of the safe. One of them was Mr. Benson, the other his partner, Mr. Wheat, a sharp-looking man, with sandy complexion and a reddish goatee. The green office boy had gone out on an errand and was not on hand to tell his chief employer that a boy awaited his coming in his private room. Whether a fly tickled Johnny's nose or the voices of the men penetrated his slumber, certain it is the boy suddenly awoke. The spreading newspaper half stifled him, for some moments he had the after effects of a nightmare, which held him in a kind of benumbing embrace. While in this trance-like condition he heard words spoken that caught his attention.

"There's no use mincing the matter, Wheat, we're in a bad hole," said Benson.

"We couldn't be in a worse one," replied his partner, in a sharp voice.

"In order to meet our obligations we've been obliged to appropriate the funds left in our care by Captain Bassett."

"Believing that the captain had gone down with his ship when she foundered at sea."

"Exactly. The marine reports of the disaster had it that when the captain's boat left the ship, he being the last to step over her side, according to the custom of all good skippers, she was swamped by a big wave and all hands aboard of her were drowned."

"Which appears to have been a premature announcement," said Wheat.

"The eye-witnesses in the other boats reported the fact in good faith. The captain's boat was swamped, as they described, and all hands——"

"Except Captain Bassett."

"Precisely, lost their lives. The captain was borne away by the wave, and then swept back again——"

"And in some inexplicable way——"

"He was tossed on board the sinking vessel more dead than alive."

"Just so, which would not have improved his chances but for the odd fact that the ship did not sink after all, and so the captain——"

"Floated about for three months on the wreck until he was finally taken off by another craft and saved," said Benson.

"Which was very fortunate for the captain."

"Decidedly so, but which makes matters very awkward for us."

"He arrived by rail last evening from New Orleans, where he was landed, and his story is in all the morning papers. As he is doubtless short of money we may expect a call from him at any moment," said Wheat.

"No doubt about it. We can easily supply his immediate needs, but if he should ask for an accounting——"

"We could hardly give it. In which case——"

"We should be placed in a most embarrassing predicament. Now how are we going to save ourselves, Wheat?"

"You, as head of the firm, ought to be able to suggest something."

"Hum! I have always regarded you as the brains of the concern. At any rate, that's about all you put into the firm when I accepted you as my partner."

"That's pretty good, Mr. Benson," said Wheat, with a sarcastic laugh. "Who, while acting as your head bookkeeper and cashier, helped you make your money? I flatter myself it was myself, Zachary Wheat."

"I admit you were a large factor, but still——"

"Why did you tender me a partnership?"

"You asked for it."

"That's no reason why you should have accepted me."

"Why refer to the past? You know that certain delicate considerations compelled me to take you in with me."

"True, Mr. Benson; you were good enough to invite my co-operation in two or three business deals which were not strictly regular. My brains were valuable to you—as valuable as your finan-

cial ability, and so when I suggested that we unite two such desirable articles—my brains and your money—thus forming a perfect combination you jumped at the chance to make sure of me for good," and Wheat laughed in a quiet way, as if the recollection was a pleasant one, to him at least. Mr. Benson looked annoyed.

"I think," said Benson, after a pause, "you suggested making free with the captain's money. That being the case, I look to you for a remedy in our present emergency."

"I have given the matter my earnest consideration since I read about Captain Bassett's unexpected return to life; not that he was ever dead, but you and I figured that he was."

"It's the unexpected that always seems to happen," growled his partner.

"With more frequency in Wall Street than elsewhere," chuckled Wheat.

"You appear to be in pretty good humor considering——"

"You mustn't put any trust in appearances. Well, let's get down to business. We must have a proposition ready for the captain when he comes."

"We ought to have more than one, for I apprehend he will require all our ingenuity to weather this crisis."

"Of course, but we can only fix up one proposition at a time." At that moment there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" said Benson, thinking it was his office boy. The door opened and admitted a bluff, hearty, sun-burned man, dressed in a pea-jacket of this blue cloth, buttoned close, and a cap such as marine officers wear aboard their vessels. Benson and Wheat looked at the visitor in some consternation. It was Captain Bassett, and they knew him at once. He had come a bit too soon for their calculations, and they had no recourse but to meet the emergency offhand.

CHAPTER II.—Captain Bassett.

"My respects to you, gentlemen," said Captain Bassett, in a hearty voice. "Glad to meet you both again and looking well." Zachary Wheat sprang on his feet at once, and grasping the captain's hand shook it warmly.

"You're looking as fine as silk, captain, after your terrible experience which, until we read the papers this morning, we thought had landed you in Davy Jones's Locker. You see, I've become somewhat nautical in my speech. Here, take my chair and make yourself at home. Mr. Benson is waiting to shake hands with and congratulate you on your fortunate escape." Captain Bassett and the senior partner shook hands and the skipper took the chair vacated by Wheat, who immediately pulled up another.

"Why, sir, when the report of your death reached us, Mr. Benson really was quite overcome," went on Wheat, volubly. "He declared that he felt as if he had lost a dear friend, notwithstanding that our acquaintance with you was limited and merely one of business. Benson is the most tender-hearted of men, I assure you. He realized that, as your business representative

was up to him to break the sad news to your daughter at the seminary, in which he had placed her in accordance with your instructions and——

"How is my child—my little Dora?" interrupted the captain, with unfeigned eagerness. "She's well, I hope?"

"Well! I should say she was at the last accounts—a letter we received three days ago from the madame principal, inclosing a most excellent record of her progress in her studies," said Wheat, who was doing all the talking for the firm.

"Ah, gentlemen, I could hardly sleep a wink last night at the hotel thinking of my darling—the image of her dead mother," said the captain, tremulously, wiping a suspicious moisture from his eyes. "I slept late in consequence, but just as soon as I had eaten my breakfast I took a car and came right down here. I would have got here sooner only, somehow or another, I lost my bearings. Got turned around, as it were, and had to speak to a policeman, or two before I got on the right course at last."

"You're here in plenty of time, captain, to talk business."

"I'm not thinking of business to-day, sir; that will keep till to-morrow. I am anxious to see my Dora. Ah, you have no idea how anxious."

"We can imagine, captain. It is natural you should be, after your long absence," said Wheat, cheerfully, "but now that I have assured you that your daughter is well and——"

"I know, I know, and I am overjoyed to hear it, but that only partially satisfies me. I must see her. I must take her in my arms and feel her warm kisses and look down into her laughing, happy eyes. Recollect, gentlemen, she is unhappy, poor child, for I suppose you told her that I was reported lost, Mr. Benson?"

"Ahem!" said the senior partner, looking embarrassed.

"The fact is, captain, my partner didn't have the heart to tell her," spoke up Wheat, quickly.

"But she must have seen the report in the papers," said Captain Bassett.

"Mr. Benson communicated the sad news to the madame principal and told her to break it gently, and tell the girl to hope for the best, so you see she doesn't really believe you were lost, only that your vessel was wrecked and that all the people took to the boats. I have no doubt she is expecting to hear of your safe arrival at any time. The principal has probably seen the newspaper account of your rescue and communicated it to her."

"Thank you, sir, you've taken quite a load off my mind. I feared the dear child was worrying herself to death on my account."

"You want a little money, no doubt, Captain Bassett," said the senior partner, finding his voice at last. "We'll be happy to advance you whatever sum you regard as needful for your present wants. How much shall Mr. Wheat get from the cashier?"

"Anything you please, gentlemen. A couple of hundred dollars will do until we have a settlement. I am going West to take up farming, if I can find conditions to suit me, and my Dora will go with me. Under such circumstances it will not be convenient for me to carry whatever investment you make for me. So you can make ar-

rangements for closing the matter out at once so that I can have the ready cash." The partners looked at each other. This was what they had feared yet hoped to avoid. It was clear to Wheat that Captain Bassett could not be turned from his purpose, and that in a few days at the most he would insist on a settlement. This settlement it was impossible for the firm to make. Wheat's active brain at once began to figure how the problem was to be met. He had come to the office prepared for just such an emergency, and he wasn't the man to hesitate when a crisis presented itself.

"All right, captain," he said, with seeming frankness; "whatever you say goes with us. You shall have your settlement." Benson looked up quickly at his words, but though he studied his partner's countenance it was quite inscrutable.

"Now, Mr. Benson, when will it be convenient for you to take me to the school where you placed my Dora?" said the captain.

"I'm afraid Mr. Benson will be unable to accommodate you, Captain Bassett," said Wheat, "but that fact needn't worry you. I will take you there myself in an automobile after you have lunched with us. It is now nearly noon. If you wouldn't mind taking a look around the district for half an hour or so, or you might walk down to the Battery and back—you know where it is—it will give us time to arrange our business matters for the afternoon."

"All right," said the captain, manifestly reluctant to lose any time in visiting his daughter, "I will do so, gentlemen. Expect me back in half an hour." Thus speaking, the sea captain got up and took his leave.

"Now, Wheat, what do you intend to do?" asked Benson.

"As the admitted brains of the firm I have figured out our course."

"I should be glad to have an inkling of it. To begin with, you have offered to take the captain to see his daughter. Surely you are not in earnest, and yet having committed yourself to it you can't back out. You know well enough that soon after the intelligence of the captain's supposed death reached us I removed the girl from the seminary and placed her with a former client of ours on his farm to earn her own living."

"I know you did, and that's where you were foolish. I told you at the time you were in too great hurry to get her off your hands. You told me to mind my business, if not in so many words at least you gave me to understand that the girl's future was a matter outside our partnership agreement. I recognized that fact and let you go ahead. Now you see the folly of your course, and I would let you extricate yourself as best you could, which I'm afraid you'd find impossible with a man of Captain Bassett's caliber, but for the fact that when the captain discovered how you had treated his daughter he'd be down on us like a carload of iron. The firm must be saved at any cost."

"I hope so, Wheat, and I'm waiting to hear how you're going to save it. Where are you going to take the captain? You've got a plan, of course. You're not a man to go off half-cocked. What's your game?"

"You've heard me speak of Dr. Russell Coit?"

"Yes. He's a particular friend of yours. Keeps a sanitarium for insane or feeble-minded persons somewhere out on Long Island."

"Yes. For reasons which I need not explain to you, Doctor Coit is bound to accommodate me to the extent of his ability. I intend to take the captain to his place and have him taken charge of till further notice. The firm will foot the bill."

"Wheat, I'm bound to say that you excite my admiration more and more every day. That brain of yours is certainly worth its weight in gold. If you extricate the firm from its present predicament I shall never regret having made you my partner without having received a suitable financial consideration."

"You do me proud, Benson," said Wheat, dryly. "I fancy that without me you would be all at sea like a boat without a rudder. As a broker you have your merits, but they are not numerous enough to land you at the pinnacle of success. It was your blame confidence in a rise in D. & G. which compelled us to help ourselves to the captain's money, and thus paved the way to our present situation. If you would be more often guided by my advice we'd get on better. I think hereafter I shall consider myself as the head of the firm and direct operations. I am fast losing confidence in the gray matter of your dome. It is merely an excuse for brains."

"Really, Mr. Wheat, you are very complimentary to me. Recollect, if I hadn't made you my partner——"

"You'd have been in jail, with a quick transfer to Sing Sing. I haven't heard you express any overpowering gratitude for the part I played in saving you," said Wheat, sharply.

"I'm astonished, Mr. Wheat, that you talk so——"

"Plainly, eh? Well, the truth must be spoken some time. But a truce to this nonsense. The captain will return presently and we must be ready to take him to lunch. I've got a few business matters to see you about. When you go to the Exchange I shall want you to——what was that?" Mr. Wheat wheeled around suddenly. The newspaper which had hidden Johnny Brown in the easy-chair fell to the floor with a rattle. The junior partner had a pair of keen eyes, and though the better part of the little messenger was hidden by the safe, the broker made out his legs clearly enough, now that his attention was attracted to the chair. He sprang up with an imprecation, rushed to the other side of the safe and glared at the unsuspected intruder. Then his arm shot out, and he seized Johnny by the arm and yanked him out of his comfortable retreat.

"By the Lord Harry!" he cried. "We've had a spy in this room ever since we've been here. He's probably heard all that passed, and we're in a nice pickle!"

CHAPTER III.—A Bold Theft.

The senior partner gazed at Johnny Brown in a stupefied way. He didn't recognize him as any messenger boy he knew by sight. As a matter of fact, he had never seen Johnny at close quarters before.

"What are you doing in here?" he asked, severely.

"Brought a message for you," said the boy, serenely, not at all disconcerted by being in the junior partner's grasp.

"Brought a message? From whom?"

"My boss, Mr. Douglas."

"Do you mean Broker Norval Douglas?"

"Yes, sir. Here's the note," and Johnny held it out to him. Wheat pushed him within reach of his partner.

"How came you to be hidden behind the safe, and how long have you been there?" he said, aggressively.

"I wasn't hidden behind the safe. I was in that chair," asserted Johnny.

"Well, that's behind the safe."

"No it isn't. It's beside the safe."

"At any rate, you were concealed behind the newspaper."

"That wasn't my fault. It must have fallen over me when I went to sleep."

"Oh, you've been asleep, have you?" said Wheat, feeling a bit relieved.

"Yes, sir. Your boy showed me into the room when I came, a while ago. He said Mr. Benson was out, but he expected him to return at any moment."

"You just woke up when the paper fell, is that it?" asked Wheat, the idea striking him as a reasonable one. Johnny made no reply, and the brokers took his silence in the affirmative, though Wheat was still a bit suspicious.

"What were we talking about? You must have heard something."

"You said something about a captain that was going to call, and that you had something to talk over with Mr. Benson."

"I see, you didn't hear anything else?"

"How could I?" asked Johnny, innocently.

"I'm waiting for an answer to that note, Mr. Benson. Mr. Douglas said it was important." Benson tore open the note, read it and, drawing a pad toward him, began writing a reply. Wheat let go of the boy and looked at him searchingly. Johnny wore a very bland expression and so the broker guessed he had told the truth. He registered a mental determination that the firm should have a new office boy on the following week. Clearly, the present incumbent was not making good.

"There's your answer," said Mr. Benson, handing Johnny a note. Wheat watched the boy's retreating figure, reflectively, and then made up his mind to follow him downstairs to see if he started straight back to Wall Street. As Johnny reached the door somebody on the other side pushed it in. This somebody was Captain Bassett. Johnny was disappointed. He had heard everything that had transpired in Mr. Benson's room and his purpose had been to wait for the captain at the street entrance and say a few things to him. Now it was impossible. It was just as well, for Wheat would have seen the meeting and interfered before the boy could have introduced the subject. His sleeping suspicions concerning Johnny would have been aroused, and the boy would have discovered how far Wheat would go to prevent the firm's exposure. The junior partner was coming out of the private room when the captain entered the waiting-

room. Johnny, therefore, was obliged to pass on out into the corridor without making a sign. Johnny hurried back to his office and carried Benson's note into the private room. Mr. Douglas was engaged with a visitor.

"What in creation kept you so long?" said the broker.

"Mr. Benson wasn't in when I got there and I had to wait," replied Johnny.

"Well, run along," said the broker, turning to his visitor, so the boy went outside to await another chance of divulging his news. At that moment the cashier called him to his window and sent him out with a message to the clerk who sometimes acted for Mr. Douglas in the board-room. When he got back he was sent on an errand to a broker in the Astor Building up at the corner of Broadway. He had no answer to bring back, so he took advantage of the chance to run up to the little bank on Nassau street where he had a deal on in A. & F. It wasn't much of a deal, just ten shares of the stock which he had bought at 82, and it was now ruling at 90. It represented a marginal investment of \$100, and was his third speculation. He had saved and scraped together \$50 in the first place, bought five shares of a certain stock, which was the lowest number the bank would take an order for, and was lucky enough to clear \$30. Shortly afterward he bought five shares of another stock and cleared \$20 on that. That gave him a capital of \$100, and his mother would have opened her eyes very wide had she known he possessed such a sum, which would have seemed a big windfall to her, for she had never possessed \$100 at one time in her life. Johnny didn't tell her about it, for he had great confidence in his ability, or his luck, to make money in the market, and he intended to wait till he had accumulated \$1,000 and surprise his mother with the sight of it. When he heard that a syndicate had been formed to corner and boom A. & F. he slapped his money right into it, thereby taking a great risk of losing it all, for he really had no positive evidence that anything was going to happen in the stock. It happened, however, that the tip was correct, and so now, ten days after he put up his money, A. & F. had advanced eight points. From the appearance of things Johnny believed it would go several points higher, and he decided to hold on and see how the cat would jump. After studying the blackboard a few minutes in the waiting-room of the little bank Johnny started back for his office. When he turned the corner of the Sub-Treasury Building he saw Mr. Douglas coming down the wide stone steps with a satchel in his hand, which looked heavy. Johnny judged that his boss had gone to the Sub-Treasury to get a quantity of gold coin for some purpose. He slowed up and waited near by, intending to relieve Mr. Douglas of the necessity of carrying the satchel himself. He noticed a tall, dark-featured man in a sack-coat and slouched hat standing near the curb looking up the steps either at the broker or the building. The man had a heavy, sweeping black mustache and a sort of Western look, at least he somewhat resembled pictures of wild Western gamblers and desperadoes he had seen in books of fiction dealing with that subject. Johnny thought he'd make a good villain in a border melodrama with-

out any make-up at all, though, in his opinion, it would improve him to have his trousers stuck into the top of a long pair of boots and a red flannel shirt in place of the vest he wore. The boy was looking at him when the man started directly for the steps. He aimed right for the broker, who was almost at the foot of the flight. He said something to Mr. Douglas, and the trader turned and pointed up the street. Then something happened that took Johnny's breath. The man suddenly snatched the satchel from the broker's hand and started for the curb. Little Johnny Brown dived forward football fashion, and seized the rascal by one leg. The fellow lost his balance and pitched into an apple-cart.

CHAPTER IV.—Johnny In A Family Jar.

The apple-cart went over and the thief went with it, dropping the stolen bag of gold on the edge of the curb. An Italian who presided over the cart uttered a cry of consternation and anger when he saw his stock in trade dumped into the street, where it attracted half a dozen boot-blacks and newsboys, who darted forward to secure some free fruit. Broker Douglas rushed forward to save his bag, not recognizing his young messenger at the moment. The thief struggled with might and main to extricate his leg from Johnny's grip, but the boy held on, like a vise, with both his arms as he lay stretched on the sidewalk. A crowd began to gather as Mr. Douglas picked up his bag, for those who had not seen the action of the thief, heard the shouts and execrations of the Italian, and saw the overturned wagon and scattered apples. The Italian first rushed at the marauding boys and chased them this way and that, but when he rushed in one direction some boy would sneak in behind him and pick up an apple or two before the man saw him. Vehicles passed and repassed without any regard to the apple-littered roadway, and some of the fruit was crushed under their wheels and kicked forward by the horses. More boys, attracted by the rumpus, arrived and they managed to have an inning with the apples as well as the others. The Italian was frantic at the state of affairs, and he drew a long, thin knife and slashed at the pilferers right and left but missed their dodging forms. By that time several men in the crowd had pounced upon the thief and relieved Johnny of further need of hanging to his leg and he got up. Then it was that his employer recognized him.

"Why, Johnny, is that you?"

"Yes, sir. Good thing I was here to capture that rascal. He might have got away with your bag," replied the boy.

"I am very glad that you were on hand. There is \$10,000 in gold in that bag, and you surely saved it, for there is such a crowd on the street that he might easily have lost himself in the throng, and as men and boys are constantly hurrying around the district nobody would have taken particular notice of a man running with a bag in his hand," said Mr. Douglas.

"I guess you are right, sir. Shall I carry it to the office for you?"

"Wait till a policeman comes to take charge

of this rascal," said the broker. The crowd was now pretty large around the thief; the men held on to him in spite of his efforts to get away. A Wall Street detective noticed the crowd and came up to see what was the matter. Somebody told him that a thief had been caught and the person who had him were waiting for a policeman. He showed his badge to get a passage through the mob and presently reached the spot where the principals in the affair were standing. He recognized Mr. Douglas as a broker and Johnny as a messenger he had often seen on the street.

"What's the trouble here?" he asked. The broker explained the affair to him.

"You'll have to come with me," he said to the thief, showing his badge. "You will appear against him, of course," he said to Mr. Douglas.

"Yes, I suppose I'll have to," said the broker, reluctantly. The detective led the man down the street, followed by a part of the crowd, while the broker and Johnny, who carried the bag, went on to their office. At three o'clock, when the Exchange closed for business that day A. & F. was up to 92 3-8. Johnny had the chance to double his money if he sold out at that point. As he believed the price would go higher next day, he did not go near the bank when he left off work at half-past three. With his boss on the road to Philadelphia, and no chance to speak to him about the Benson & Wheat conspiracy against Captain Bassett, Johnny hardly knew what move he could make in the matter. If Wheat had carried out his plan without a hitch, the captain was either on the road to the sanitarium or already there by that time. Johnny wondered in what part of Long Island Doctor Coit's place was situated. He thought he might find out by going to a certain large drug store on Broadway and inquiring. He went there, but nobody could tell him anything about the sanitarium in question. He stopped in at several drugstores on his way home, but with no better result. Finally he gave the matter up for the present. When he got home he found the door of the Brown rooms locked, which was evidence that Mrs. Brown was out somewhere working. She always left the key on a nail in a dark spot so Johnny got it and let himself in. The first thing he did was to hunt up the morning's paper and look for the story printed about Captain Bassett. He found it easily enough, and wondered how he failed to notice it when he went through the paper that morning before going to work. He learned from the paper that Captain Bassett was stopping at the Mansard House, a cheap hotel on the lower West Side of the city. He determined to go over there after he had had his supper and see whether the skipper had turned up after his visit to Wall Street. He was pretty well satisfied that he would find the captain missing. It was now about half-past four, and as his mother would not be back until after six, he concluded to go downstairs and see if any of his cronies were around. He went out, and seeing one of his chums, spent the time with him.

CHAPTER V.—Johnny Locates Dr. Coit's Sanitarium.

When he went upstairs an hour later his mother was home and had supper nearly ready.

After the meal he started for the Mansard House, which was on Washington street, surrounded by commission houses and other business offices. The office was on the second floor and occupied one corner of the reading-room. The house catered to men only, and did not furnish meals. Johnny walked up to the circular counter.

"Captain Bassett is stopping here, I guess," he said to the clerk.

"He has a room here," nodded the young man.

"Is he in?"

"No. He went out this morning and hasn't got back yet."

"Then you won't see him to-night," said Johnny.

"No?" said the clerk, indifferently. At that moment the night man appeared and Johnny, having learned all he wanted to know, took his leave. Next morning Johnny appeared in court against the man who tried to get away with the bag of gold, and he presented an affidavit from Mr. Douglas who, he explained to the magistrate, had been called to Philadelphia on important business. The rascal was held for the action of the grand jury. When Johnny got back to the office he looked over the ticker tape and saw that A. & F. was up to 94.

"If I don't hold on too long I'll make a good thing out of this deal," he said to himself. "I stand to make about \$120 now." Just then a Western Union boy brought a telegram in and Johnny signed for it. It came from Mr. Douglas and notified the cashier that he had to go to Chicago and would not return for several days. When Johnny heard that he gave up figuring on his boss taking any hand in the Captain Bassett matter for the present at least. Johnny was kept pretty busy that day, but for all that he managed to keep track of his speculation. Every time Johnny was sent out he thought he would try and reach the little bank so that he could order his stock sold, since he couldn't tell what moment the rise might be unexpectedly turned into a slump. His messages were all rush ones, and the cashier kept telling him to get back just as soon as he could cover the ground, so his own private business had to make way for his employer's interests. At twenty minutes of three A. & F. reached par, and about this time Johnny was sent out to an office on Nassau street within a few doors of the little bank. He saw his chance and took advantage of it. After delivering his message he ran into the waiting-room of the bank and looked at the blackboard. A. & F.'s latest quotation was 100 3-8. Johnny rushed up to the margin clerk's window and ordered his stock sold. An order was passed out for him to sign, which he did, and hurried back to his office. A. & F. closed that afternoon at 101, but Johnny was out of it, his stock having been reported sold at 100 3-8. At that figure he made \$180. Next day was Saturday, and when he was paid off at half-past twelve the cashier told him he would find \$25 extra in his pay envelope.

"What for?" he asked.

"Mr. Douglass told me to give you that as a present. I guess it was because you nabbed that thief and saved the bag of gold," was the reply.

"All right. Small favors are thankfully received," said Johnny. Johnny seldom went home on Saturday afternoons when the weather was

pleasant. He didn't intend to go near the tenement that afternoon, for he had business on hand. He got his lunch in a quick-lunch house and then started for the nearest drug store, where he made inquiries about the location of Dr. Coit's sanitarium. A man, evidently a doctor, standing near, told Johnny Doctor Coit's Sanitarium was at Eastville on the Sound. Before going home Johnny called at the Mansard House, but learned that Bassett had not been there.

CHAPTER VI.—Dr. Coit's Sanitarium.

Johnny got home about five that day, and he tried to figure out some course of action that would lead to Captain Bassett's rescue. He thought a trip out to Eastville next day would be a good preliminary move. He could go and take a look at the sanitarium and see what kind of place it was. He didn't see that he could do any more than that, as it wasn't likely he would be permitted on the grounds of the place. His mother was in the living-room sewing and talking with her neighbor across the hall.

"You're home early, Johnny, for a Saturday," she said. "You couldn't have gone to a baseball game, where you generally aim for, as it's only five o'clock."

"No, mother, I had some business to attend to." The next morning Johnny dressed in his best, was seated in a train bound for Eastville. Two hours later he got off the train at that place, a quiet and pretty village not far from the Sound. It was particularly quiet on Sunday, all the shops on the main street being closed. The Eastville Inn was about the only place that had any life about it, for it was crowded with summer boarders, many of whom were seated in rockers along its wide, tree-shaded veranda. Johnny saw an employee in the yard cleaning an automobile. He went up to him and asked him how he could reach Dr. Coit's sanitarium. The man looked at him rather hard.

"Are you going there?" he asked.

"I am going in that direction," replied Johnny.

"Follow this street in that direction. You will come out into the county road. Keep on along the road till you strike a branch of it on your left. That goes right past the sanitarium, and if you follow it you will reach the town of Red-lawn-on-the-Sound."

Johnny thanked him and started to follow his directions. After leaving the village a quarter of a mile behind him he came to the branch road into which he turned. Half a mile's walk brought him in sight of the Sound, and a little further on the road swept to the right and opened up before him a large plainly built house of three stories, standing in the midst of well-kept grounds, the whole surrounded by a tall wire fence in front and a wooden fence on the other three sides. The entrance consisted of a double iron gate in the center of the wall, from which a carriage drive led up to the building, which was partially hidden by the foliage of many trees scattered about the grounds. On one side of the gate was a smaller or postern gate, and close by a small, two-story lodge house. Johnny stopped and looked through the big gate and saw

the hind part of a red touring auto car standing before the large porch of the sanitarium, which indicated visitors at the place. Seated in a chair at the open door of the lodge, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a pipe, was a burly-looking man. He eyed Johnny through the bars and sized him up as one of the summer visitors in that neighborhood. The young messenger, after satisfying his curiosity, walked slowly on, taking a general note of the grounds as far as he could see them. When he reached the further end of the grounds he saw a wagon path running alongside of the wooden wall. He followed it and came to the rear of the sanitarium. The path led to a large, sliding door, which was closed, and turned in there. This was evidently the way supplies and other things were brought into the premises. A knot-hole further on gave Johnny a limited view of a yard and part of several outbuildings, as well as the back of the sanitarium itself, which was an ell of the main building and presumably contained the kitchen, laundry and store-rooms. The top of the entire wooden walls was protected by long, rusty nails sticking upward, so that to try to get over the fence, even with the aid of a ladder, was likely to prove a ticklish job. The wire fence in front was not only braced at distances of six feet with stout iron posts with spear heads, but the top of the wire was bound with a continuous length of barbed wire, which rendered it a formidable obstacle against surreptitious entrance that way from the outside, or the escape of a patient from within. Johnny was satisfied that the only way to get in or out of the sanitarium grounds was through the front gates, or the sliding door in the rear, and these were undoubtedly always kept locked, except when opened by some one authorized to do so.

"A person might just as well be in prison as in there," thought the boy. "The captain will never be able to make his escape without help from the outside, and that help will have to come in the name of the law, I guess." There was a narrow path leading toward the Sound, which was close by, and the young messenger took it. It carried him in a tortuous way up a gentle rise, through trees and shrubbery to a line of low, rocky cliffs, between which and the water was a hard level beach, uncovered for twenty feet at low tide. When the tide was high the water laved the foot of the cliffs. After gazing out on the Sound for a while Johnny decided to go down to the beach by the continuation of the path. This path led in behind the cliffs and then through a small, dark, natural tunnel to a break in the center of the cliffs opening on a narrow gully communicating by a roundabout way with the beach. The descent was somewhat precipitous, but the worst places were provided with wooden steps. The gully was so narrow for the greater part of the descent that one could touch both walls at the same time with the hands partly extended. The last stretch of the gully at the bottom was level, but obstructed here and there by huge boulders between which one had to pass around. As Johnny was threading his way among these he heard the voices of two men and smelt the odor of tobacco smoke. The voice of one of the men sounded familiar to him and he glanced around the outer and last boulder before showing himself. Here the gully widened out into an en-

trance of a dozen feet, and drawn up before it on the beach was a red touring car, which struck the boy as the same he had seen inside the sanitarium grounds. Seated on a smooth stone of ample proportion, close to the boulder, were Zachary Wheat and his partner, William Benson. They were smoking choice cigars and conversing together. Johnny gave a gasp on recognizing them, and he deemed it the part of prudence not to go any further.

CHAPTER VII.—Johnny Learns Where the Captain's Daughter Is.

"Now that you've seen Dr. Coit's sanitarium, what do you think of it as a place to keep people who are not wanted in the outer world?" said Wheat.

"A patient might just as well be in the State prison for all the chance he has of getting out without the proprietor's consent," replied Benson.

"Just so. That's why I brought the captain there. He's got no friends in this part of the country that are likely to worry any over his sudden disappearance, so he's safe to remain with the doctor indefinitely so long as we pay the cost of his keep."

"I understand there are several in the doctor's sanitarium who assert that they were put there at the instigation of relatives who wanted them out of the way for various reasons," said Benson.

"Between you and I, Benson, half of Doctor Coit's patients are as sane as we are at this minute," said Wheat. "The sanitarium is very like a rat-trap—easy for a victim to enter, but next to impossible for him to get out of. Had that messenger boy of Douglas' overheard our conversation in the office I should have put a stopper on his tongue by bringing him to the sanitarium, where he would have been as dead to the world as though he were in his grave. He can bless his stars that he was asleep."

"I hope he told the truth."

"He told the truth all right, otherwise we should have heard from him before this. He would have told Mr. Douglas the facts and we might have found it somewhat awkward to disprove his assertions."

"A man never knows when he is safe in this world."

"Not in Wall Street, at any rate, unless he carries on his business on a conservative basis, letting his customers do the speculating. By the way, I would like to know where the captain's daughter is."

"I told you she was on the farm of an ex-customer of ours."

"I know you did, but who is this ex-customer, and where is his farm?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"Why shouldn't I know? What you did with the girl is part of the conspiracy against the captain. I am as much interested in her whereabouts as you are."

"If her father is safe to remain here as long as it is to our interest that he should, you have no cause to worry about the girl."

"Maybe not, but I don't want you to make a mystery of your intentions towards her. We're partners from the ground floor up, and I don't propose you shall have any secrets from me. You are head of the firm in imagination only. I am the brains and the motive power that keeps the machinery running. So come up with the information."

"The girl is on Jake Caulder's farm, near Crosstown, on the south side of this island. Caulder used to dabble in stocks with us through the mail when we first became partners."

"I remember him. He quit after losing all his ready money and we haven't heard from him since. How came you to take the girl to him?"

"Because he was a farmer and lived in an out-of-the-way place along Great South Bay, and because I knew I could trust him as long as I made it an object for him to do the right thing."

"So Caulder is the person who has been drawing \$25 a month from the firm for six months past on the girl's account?"

"Yes."

"It seems to me that the girl's services ought to be sufficient return for her keep without an added \$25. This man Caulder is working you on the gold-brick plan."

"He suspects everything isn't regular and it's necessary that we should grease his palm to prevent him from giving us any trouble."

"Why should he suspect things are not regular in regard to the girl? What kind of explanation did you make when you arranged with him to take her?"

"I told him as near the truth as I dared. I couldn't do otherwise, for the girl was certain to say things about herself and her father."

"Your way of doing business may be all right in your own estimation, but it isn't in mine. Now, suppose Caulder has read the account of the captain's return? It is one of those stories that are usually copied by the press everywhere."

"Suppose he has read it, what difference will it make with the captain securely anchored in the sanitarium? If he had any idea of looking the captain up, how would he find him?"

"He couldn't find him," said Wheat. "Who but ourselves on the outside know that he is in the sanitarium. Even if the captain's disappearance should attract the attention of the newspapers, and the police be urged to look him up, which they probably would not do under the circumstances, I doubt if any detective would be able to trace him here. Or supposing they did, the doctor has a number of secret cells under the basement where he could be placed while the building was being searched. Depend on it, Benson, the captain is dead to the world as long as we choose to keep him so."

"Yes, I fancy he is from what I have seen," said Benson, throwing away the butt of his cigar. "Well, let's make a start. It's three miles to Redlawn by way of the beach and we want to make the trip before the tide comes in."

"Oh, we can make it in less than ten minutes," said Wheat, getting up. The rascally pair boarded their machine and started eastward at a good pace, quite unconscious that they had had a listener to their conversation, and that this listener was Broker Douglas' young messenger, Little Johnny Brown.

CHAPTER VIII.—Johnny Executes a Smart Move.

"Well, I've found out what I wanted to know, and that is where Dora Bassett is," thought Johnny, as he looked after the red touring car. "It is clear that it will be a hard matter to rescue the captain, for Dr. Coit appears to be amply provided against all emergencies. He knows that the business he is carrying on is one that will not stand a rigid investigation. It is my opinion that the larger part of his patients are as mentally balanced as he is himself. He is a rascal himself and deals with people who are rascally at heart, but whom the world doubtless regards as respectable people. There's a lot of hidden villainy in this world that is seldom recorded in the newspapers, because it doesn't reach the attention of the press. Many persons quietly disappear and are never heard of again. We often read of a man being attacked and murdered for a few dollars. That's the work of low scoundrels of whom little better is expected, but what we don't hear about are the people who are carried off and practically buried alive in some institution like Doctor Coit's sanitarium, so that interested parties can get control of their property. Well, what shall I do now? Nothing here, that's as plain as a pike-staff. I think I'll go back to the inn and see if I can get dinner there and make inquiries about Crosstown. If it isn't too far for me to walk I'll make a trip there and find out where the Caulder farm is."

Accordingly, Johnny returned to the village and presented himself at the inn. Dinner was being served in the dining-room when he arrived, and the proprietor told him he could be accommodated for 75 cents. He paid the money and was shown to a table and partook of a first-class meal. Then he inquired about Crosstown. He learned that it was something over twenty miles from Eastville in a direct line, and probably thirty by road. Johnny saw that he couldn't go there by any means at his disposal, so he gave up the idea. He learned that the town was on the south shore line of the Long Island Railroad, and that he could go there direct from Brooklyn. He would have to put his visit off for another week. As the trains did not run often on Sunday, Johnny found he would have to stay at Eastville till after six before he could get back to New York. That gave him nearly five hours more to spend as best he could in that locality. As he was a stranger there the chances were he would find it pretty slow filling in the interval. For want of something better to do he went to the shore by another route, which brought him to a level stretch west of the cliffs and the sanitarium. Here he found a line of bathing-houses erected for the use of the summer visitors. There was a wharf near by where catboats could be hired by any one desirous of taking a sail on the Sound. Two of these boats were putting off with parties on board when he got there. A two-seated carryall drove down the road, containing two ladies, in spic and span summer attire, a gentleman of light build, in a blue flannel shirt, and a driver. The gentleman had sharp black eyes, a black Van-dyck beard and a mustache. A boat-

man stepped up to him when he alighted, touched his hat and addressed him as Dr. Coit. Johnny was immediately interested in him. The doctor assisted the ladies out of the vehicle. One was about nineteen and appeared to be his daughter, while the other was his wife. The doctor told the driver to come back for them at five o'clock and the man drove away. The party then followed the boatman to the place where his boat was tied up. Johnny followed in a careless way behind them. He watched them get aboard the boat, the boatman hoisted his sail, unmoored with the help of another boatman, and pushed off. The craft headed out into the Sound. After a while Johnny sauntered back to the beach. On the spot where the carryall had stopped he saw a card with a vignette on it lying on the ground. He picked it up and looked at it. It bore the name "Dr. Coit's Sanitarium" in a semi-circle over the vignette of the sanitarium building. Underneath was printed, in bold type, the word "Admit." Beneath that was a long dotted line and under that a short one to the right. The first line was filled in with the word "Beaver," and Dr. Coit's signature occupied the short line. Here was a find if it could be made use of. Johnny looked at it and considered. The doctor would be away from the sanitarium for about three hours. By presenting the card at the gate Johnny might secure admission, but the object of his visit would certainly be inquired into. He could say that he called to see Patient 99; that is, Captain Bassett. He would be asked who sent him, and he could say Mr. Wheat. That would seem strange, as Wheat had been there a few hours before with his partner. Johnny figured that it would be more than doubtful if he could get an interview with the skipper, and certainly not except in the presence of an attache who would listen to all he said.

"No use of doing that," thought Johnny. "It would probably end in my being detained till the doctor returned and then I'd find myself in hot water."

All at once a bold idea occurred to him. Its very boldness might crown it with success. He would write a letter to the captain, explaining why he was being held a prisoner where he was, and where his daughter was. This letter he would try to deliver in person, saying that it was a matter of great importance, and that it had been sent by Mr. Wheat from Redlawn. Johnny hastened back to the inn. There he got a sheet of paper and an envelope, and permission to write the note in the office. This is what he wrote:

"Dear Captain Bassett:

"This is from a friend who has discovered the conspiracy hatched against you by a firm of rascally brokers named Benson & Wheat. Their object is to retain the money you contributed to their care for investment before you sailed on the voyage from which you narrowly escaped with your life. Although I am a stranger to you, I am working hard to secure your escape from this place you are confined in, which is a private sanitarium near the village of Eastville, Long Island, conducted by a doctor named Coit. For your own good I advise you to take your misfortune as calmly as you can and trust to me.

You will probably be well treated if you stop making a kick. It will do you no good to make a fight, for you will be kept in a strait-jacket if you do. Now, about your daughter Dora, whom I know you are more than anxious to hear from. Benson put her in some seminary, according to your instructions, but as soon as the report reached him that you had gone down at sea with your vessel, he took her out of the school and placed her on a farm near Crostown, twenty miles south of here, on Great South Bay. The farmer's name is Caulder. I am going to visit your daughter as soon as I can, and let her know you are alive, for she believes you are dead, and that you are in the power of a couple of rascals from whom I expect to save you in a short time. Be comforted with the knowledge that your little girl is well, if not happy. As soon as you have read this note, which I have brought you under great difficulties, destroy it. Tear it up in small fragments and scatter them. Now, then, hope for rescue. It will soon come.

Your friend,

"Johnny Brown, of Wall Street."

Johnny addressed the note to "Patient No. 99. To be delivered personally by the bearer." Then he started for the sanitarium, conscious that he had embarked on a ticklish errand, the outcome of which he could not foresee. In a short time he reached the gate and pulled the bell. The lodgekeeper appeared and asked him what he wanted.

"I've come here on an important errand," said Johnny.

"Who from?"

"Mr. Wheat," replied the boy, believing a lie was justifiable under the circumstances, on the principle that the end justifies the means.

"I don't know Mr. Wheat," said the man, suspiciously, which reply wasn't true, for it was his business to know those persons who placed patients at the sanitarium. His object was to pump the young visitor.

"He's a Wall Street broker and is a member of the firm of Benson & Wheat. I'm their messenger."

"You are?"

"Sure I am. Don't you know that all brokers employ messengers?"

"Where did you say his office was—on Wall Street?"

"No, it's on Hanover Street, near Wall."

"So Mr. Wheat sent you here?"

"That's what I said, wasn't it?"

"From New York?"

"No, from Redlawn. That's where he and Mr. Benson left me while they were over here a while ago. He's attending to some business there and so he told me to rush over here with a message to Patient 99, whoever that is. The doctor will know at any rate, so just take me to Doctor Coit's office. I want to see him."

"He's out."

"Out—where?"

"Sailing."

"Well, take me to the man he left in charge."

Johnny's self-assertive manner had a favorable effect on the gateman, but still his orders were

not to admit any one without a ticket, and he mentioned the fact.

"Oh, I forgot about the ticket that Mr. Wheat gave me. Here it is."

For fear that the writing on the envelope might be questioned, Johnny had taken the precaution to write "Zachary Wheat" on the back of the card. It was fortunate he had done so, for the ticket would not have been regarded by the gatekeeper as strictly valid without the signature of the party who sent a visitor. He had a book in the lodge in which principals were required to sign their names for verification. Johnny didn't know this and he would have been up against a snag but for the fact that through some oversight Wheat had not been asked to sign the book. Possibly he had told the doctor that no messengers from him would call at the sanitarium. If he had done so Dr. Coit had neglected to inform the gatekeeper.

"Wait a moment," said the man and he went in the lodge to look up Wheat's signature. He did not find it in the book so had to take Johnny's forgery for granted, since the card was otherwise all right. He opened the gate and Johnny walked in. Then he conducted the boy to the office and rang a bell. Dr. Coit's chief assistant appeared.

"Here's a messenger from Wheat, who brought Patient 99 here last week," said the gatekeeper, who then went away, having no further responsibility in the matter.

"Well," said the assistant, whose name was Dolan, "what can I do for you?"

"I've brought a letter which I have been instructed to personally deliver to Patient 99," said Johnny.

"Let's see the note."

The young messenger produced it. Dolan looked at the address. He asked a number of questions similar to those propounded by the gatekeeper, and seemed satisfied that Johnny was all right.

"I am not authorized to allow the patient in question to have any communication with anybody except Mr. Wheat or his partner in person," said Dolan. "You had better leave the note and Dr. Coit will hand it to the patient himself."

"When do you expect the doctor back?"

"Between half-past five and six."

"That won't do," said Johnny, who had asked the question merely for effect. "The patient must get the note at once. It is important, and Mr. Wheat wants to give him a couple of hours for consideration of its terms before he calls here for an answer on his way back to the city."

Dolan considered.

"Well, come with me," he said finally. "I'll take the chances of Doctor Coit's approval."

Johnny followed the assistant, with a beating heart, through a corridor to a door which led to the basement, where Captain Bassett was confined in a room lighted by two grated windows on a level with the lawn. Dolan slid a panel back and pushed a button. A flood of electric light, furnished by a private plant, illuminated the room, which was little better than a cell, except that it was comfortably furnished. The captain was seated in a chair with his head buried in his hands. He looked up at the light.

"Come here, sir, and get a message—a letter—sent to you," said Dolan.

The captain sprang up, with a look of hope in his face.

"Who is it from—my daughter?" he cried eagerly.

"Read it and see," said Johnny, pushing the letter through the grating. He tore it open and began to read.

"That's all," said the boy to Dolan. "Let's go. Going to treat to a bit of cake and a glass of soda?"

Dolan grinned as he slid the panel back.

"I'll treat to a bottle of beer," he said, leaving the electric light turned on in the room and leading the way back upstairs.

"Thanks, but I don't drink beer," said Johnny, chipperly, for he was quite tickled over the success he had met with, though he feared there would be something doing later on in consequence. He had put the captain wise to the situation, however, and that was all he cared about for the present. He told Dolan that he was going on to the village to put in his time there till Wheat and Benson came on from Red-lawn and took him up. He walked down to the gate and asked the man how he liked his job.

"It ain't a bad job. How do you like your own?"

"Fine. It's a cinch to work for Benson & Wheat."

"Wheat has considerable confidence in you, I should judge."

"Bet your life he has! I'm his right bower. When he plays me he wins every time. Good-by! Maybe you'll see me again. I guess you'll know me next time."

"Yes, I'll know you, but you'll have to have a card, just the same, to get in."

"The doctor is pretty strict, isn't he? It's easier to get into jail than here."

"Yes, and it's easier to get out of jail than out of here, too, if you're a patient."

Johnny laughed and walked off. He took supper at the inn as soon as the meal was ready and then hurried to the station to catch the train for Brooklyn.

CHAPTER IX.—Johnny Visits The Caulder Farm.

Next morning he reached the office at the usual time, which was a little before nine. He picked up the mail that lay on the floor and carried it in to the boss' room, though he didn't expect Mr. Dolan would show up that day. The cashier would attend to it, however, so he picked up a financial paper and took it outside to read. In a few minutes he saw something that interested him. It was a report about a certain railroad called the Round Top, the affairs of which had been in litigation for a long time. As a consequence the price of the stock had fallen from \$40 to \$20 a share, and nobody wanted it even at that. Now, it appeared that the road had won its case and that meant it would get on its feet again. Johnny wished that he had a wad of money to buy some of it with, but there was only \$25 coming from the little bank, and he had \$25

in his pocket. He couldn't buy much Round Top with that.

"Well, I'll buy thirty shares if I can get them," he thought.

Later on when he was sent out on his first errand he found time to go to the little bank.

"Is my statement ready?" he asked the margin clerk. The clerk said he would have it made out right away. Johnny waited till he got it and then pulling \$20 from his pocket told the clerk to put it with what was coming to him and buy 30 Round Top for his account on the usual margin. The deal was put through and he left. As soon as business opened at the Exchange, Round Top, which had been going at 19, opened at 20 and the bank's representative got the thirty shares at that price. A rush soon took place for the stock among the speculative traders and the price rapidly advanced. By noon it was selling at 30, and when the Exchange closed it was ruling at 34. Next day it went to 45. Johnny sold out at that figure and cleared \$750 on his quick deal, a piece of luck that quite took his breath. He was now worth over \$1,000, and his financial rise had been quite sudden. He had not expected to make that much money for a long time.

"I feel rich," he muttered. "If a tip came along now I could buy 100 shares and make a boodle if luck ran with me."

He collected his money in a day or two and put it in the office safe in an envelope addressed to himself. That afternoon the cashier sent him with a note to a man in the Mills Building. This man was one of the special brokers for a big operator. Just as Johnny reached his office the operator was taking leave of the broker.

"Get right on the job, Cubberley," said the operator. "Follow the market and buy every share that is offered till I tell you to stop. Cubberley said he would, and the operator went away. Johnny delivered his note and carried away an answer. He also carried away in his mind the words he had heard.

"I wish I knew what stock it is Cubberley is going to buy for that operator. There surely is going to be a boom in it before a great while, for it is evident a corner is going to be worked in it," thought Johnny.

Next day was Friday, and when he was sent to the Exchange, around eleven, he looked around on the floor for Broker Cubberley. He saw him hovering around the L. & M. post. When some trader offered the stock he would promptly take it in. Before Johnny left he was satisfied that Cubberley was buying L. & M. At the first chance he got his money, stopped at the little bank and gave in his order for 100 shares of L. & M., at 90. Would he be lucky this time in making another stake? He hoped so, for now that his ambition to acquire \$1,000 had been satisfied he was not only eager to double it, but he looked forward to making \$5,000 as his next goal. When he had made that much he thought it would be surprise enough to treat his mother to.

"I hope she won't have an attack of heart failure when I show her so much money and tell her it's all mine," he chuckled. "But what am I figuring on? I'm counting my chickens before they're hatched, which is a bad thing to do. I'll

think no more about it till I get the money, if I ever do. Well, to-morrow is Saturday. I must take that trip down to Crosstown and look up the Caulder farm and Dora Bassett."

After he got off work that afternoon he went to a Broadway railroad ticket office and got a Long Island Railroad timetable. Consulting it he found that there was a train that left Brooklyn at one o'clock, which stopped at Crosstown. As it stopped at all stations it took nearly two hours to get to the town. He wondered if he would have time enough to carry out his investigations. There was a train at eight o'clock on Sunday morning which would land him at Crosstown at ten. That would give him plenty of time, but Sunday was not a good day for the business. After considering the matter he decided to go next day. If necessary he would repeat the trip on Sunday. It was fortunate for him and the success of his mission that he so decided. When he returned to the office at noon after making the day's deposit at the bank, he told the cashier he would like to get off then as he had to catch a train in Brooklyn at one and he wanted to get some lunch first. The cashier said he could go and handed him his pay envelope. He reached Crosstown at ten minutes of three and found it was a small country town with a busy principal street. He entered a general store and asked the clerk if he could tell him where the Caulder farm was.

"It's down on the bay shore, about three miles from here," was the reply.

"How will I get there?"

"Got a rig?"

"No, I came down by train."

"Well, three miles isn't much of a walk if you're used to it."

"I'm used to it all right. I guess I cover ten miles every week day at my business, including walking to the office and back home again, though I don't do it all at once."

"Follow this street out as far as it goes, then go along the road till you come to another that branches off to the right. That will take you to the Caulder farm."

"How will I know the farm? All farms look alike to me."

"It's the last one on the road, on the left-hand side. About the time you reach the gate leading to the house you'll see the bay ahead."

"Thanks! I guess I'll have no trouble in finding it."

"You ought not to even if you are a stranger. Caulder isn't expecting you, I suppose, or he would have met you at the station."

"No, he isn't expecting me."

"Expecting to stay over Sunday with Caulder, I suppose?"

"Hardly. My visit is one of business, not pleasure."

"Going there to sell him something, eh?"

"Do I look like a salesman?"

"You look like a smart young city chap."

"Thanks for the compliment. Maybe I can sell you a late model touring car. Double back seat, ball-bearing wheels that never wear out, construction that is always on the job, and motor that'll run a mile a minute."

"Are you an automobile agent?"

"Do I look like one?"

"You talk like one. Is Caulder thinking of getting an auto?"

"Sure he is. If he buys my late model he'll have something classy. Something that will make every other machine in this locality look like thirty cents. Good-by, I'm off. Shall I give him your regards?"

"Yes, and tell Mrs. Caulder that we have got in those new gingham. She wants to get enough for a dress for their hired girl."

"You mean Miss Dora Bassett?" said Johnny, pausing.

"I don't know what her name is. She's been with them five or six months, but she's never been off the farm. I heard she was a pretty, well-educated girl, with city ways. Caulder says she's a poor relation."

Johnny nodded and left the store. He started eastward along Main Street and kept on until he reached the end of it. He turned into the branch road when he came to it and walked straight toward the bay. He passed three or four farms and finally came in sight of the big bay. On his left he saw a wide white gate beyond which was a long lane. He judged this was the entrance to the Caulder farm. Owing to the many trees he could not see the farmhouse. He opened the gate and entered the lane. In a few minutes he saw the house, with the barn behind it and other outhouses. He saw a stout boy at work in the field on his right.

"Hello!" he hailed the lad. The boy straightened up, took off his wide, weatherstained straw hat and replied:

"Hello yourself."

"Is this the Caulder farm?"

"I reckon it is," said the boy, eyeing him curiously.

"You're a hired hand, I suppose," said Johnny.

"No, I hain't, no hired hand. I wish I was, for then I'd get paid for my work."

"Who are you, then?"

"I'm Ben Caulder."

"Oh, then you're Jake Caulder's son?"

"I reckon I ain't nobody else."

"You've got a hired girl named Dora, haven't you?"

"Who told you we had?"

"My boss in New York."

"Who's he, and how did he know anythin' about our hired girl?"

"He ought to, for he brought her here."

"Do you mean Benson?"

"Yes."

"Do you work for him?"

"I'll gamble on it I do."

"What do you do in his office?"

"I count the money and sign the checks."

"That must be easy work."

"It isn't as hard as what you're doing in that field."

"Ho! I should say not. I turn out at four o'clock, help milk the cows, feed the stock and do chores before breakfast."

"That's going some," said Johnny.

"I bet you 'tis. Then I work all day up to sundown in the field. I do a good deal of the hired man, and I don't get no wages at the end

of the month like he does, only a dollar once in a while to spend, and my clothes."

"After sundown you quit and have your supper, eh?"

"I have supper, but I don't quit afore eight o'clock, 'cause there's always somethin' to be done."

"Does Miss Dora work as long as you do?"

"I bet you she does. Marm makes her hustle like a house afire."

"How does she stand it? She wasn't used to that kind of business."

"How, she stands it all right. When she first came here she started to kick ag'in work, but," with a grin, "marm took a strap to her and made her get a move on. She threatened to run away and tried to, but she couldn't get away from the farm no more'n our old blind mare that dad was goin' to shoot last winter, only marm wouldn't let him 'cause she brought her up from a colt. The gal only got half way down that lane, 'bout where you are now, when dad overtook her and marched her back. Marm then took her in hand and gave her a bully old lickin'—you could hear her scream for a mile—and told her if she tried that on ag'in she'd give her a double cowhidin' next time. That took the starch out'r her, and she's done what she's been told to ever since. I tell you, marm kin make things hum when she gets goin'."

The farm boy's description of the way his mother had handled Dora Bassett, which he seemed to relish, brought a flush of indignation to Johnny's face. It was clear that the captain's daughter was having a hard time of it on the Caulder farm.

"Say, did your boss send you with a message to dad?" said Ben.

"No; he sent me with a message to Dora."

"What kind of a message?" asked the boy, curiously.

"It wouldn't do you any good to know. It wouldn't interest you."

"You'll have to see marm before you kin tell her."

"I don't mind seeing her, but I haven't any message for her."

"P'raps you've a message for dad?"

"Maybe I have."

"Marm'll want to know what it is. You see, she's the boss, and nothin' goes on here she don't know about."

Johnny began to figure that he was up against a tough proposition. He didn't mind tackling a man, but a woman was not in his line.

"Where'll I find Dora?" he asked.

"You'll find her at the house, I reckon. Say, you'd better stay over Sunday with us."

"I don't expect to. I haven't been invited."

"Marm'll invite you maybe when she hears you've come from Benson. She and your boss understand each other. He wrote to marm, sayin' he was coming down this afternoon with his partner in their auto, but I guess he changed his mind and sent you."

"He didn't tell me anything about that," said Johnny, startled at the news.

It would certainly put him in an embarrassing predicament to encounter those two rascals on the Caulder farm. They would easily under-

stand the object of his visit and realize that he had spoken the truth in their office when he declared he had not overheard their conversation. What would doubtless puzzle them was how he had discovered where Dora Bassett was. Nothing had passed between the partners on that occasion that could have put him on the girl's track. If the two brokers were coming down there that afternoon Johnny realized that he had no time to lose.

"I'll see you later, Ben," he said, in a friendly tone, "and I'll tell you all about Wall Street."

"Will you? You're a brick!" said the farm boy, eagerly. "Come over to-morrow. I'll take you out sailin' on the bay. We've got a small sailboat at the landin'."

"Where's the landing?" Johnny asked, thinking he might have to beat a retreat in that direction, and he believed in being prepared for all emergencies.

"Over yonder," said Ben, pointing. "You see that big tree back of the barn?"

"Yes."

"The landin' is about 100 yards further."

That closed the interview, and Johnny went on. He felt very doubtful about his reception at the house, but he was a plucky lad, and for the sake of the captain's daughter he intended to put on a bold front. When he reached the yard a succession of girlish shrieks broke upon the air. Out of the door rushed a young girl of about fifteen years, followed by a thin but determined looking woman of five and forty.

"Wait till I lay hands on yer, miss, and I'll skin yer alive!" cried the woman.

"Save me, oh, save me!" shrieked the girl, rushing toward Johnny, in a state of intense terror.

CHAPTER X.—Johnny Executes a Coup.

Though Johnny Brown was little in stature he was big in courage, and as Dora had aroused all his sympathies in her behalf, he promptly responded to her appeal and got between her and the angry farmer's wife. Had Johnny not been a well-dressed stranger, Mrs. Caulder would have tried to clear him from her path with the cowhide she held aloft. As it was, she stopped and glared at him.

"Well," she said, "what do you want? If it's my husband, he's in yonder field."

"No, I don't want to see your husband particularly, though I may have something to say to him. I brought a message for Dora Bassett."

"What!" roared the woman. "Who sent you?"

"You know Mr. Benson, don't you?" said Johnny. "The New York broker."

"Did he send you here? Why didn't you say so before?" she said, in a mollified tone. "Is he in town?"

"No. He's coming to see you this afternoon with his partner, Mr. Wheat."

"So he wrote me. Did he send you on ahead by train?"

"I came on ahead by train."

"What's the message you have for the girl?"

"I'll tell her, with your permission."

"You have my permission. Come here, you

hussy, this instant!" to the girl, who stood in tearful apprehension some yards away.

"Never mind if she won't come. I'll go to her," said Johnn.

"No, you won't. She shall come or I'll break every bone in her body."

"I wouldn't if I were you, Mrs. Caulder. I don't think Mr. Benson would like it."

"What does he care for her? He told me to go as far as I liked with her."

"He's changed his mind. He's coming down here to make new arrangements!"

"Is he going to take her away?"

"Not if you treat her right."

"I'm treatin' her right. Do you know why I was goin' to punish her?"

"No, ma'am, I'm not a mind-reader."

"She upset a cup of hot grease on my hand owin' to carelessness," and the woman showed her hand, which was red and greasy.

"Never mind, ma'am, such things are liable to happen at any time."

"But I do mind. Oh, my goodness, I forgot about my biscuits."

As the biscuits were intended for the entertainment of her expected visitors she made a rush for the kitchen. Johnny took advantage of the chance to go up to Dora.

"Come this way, behind the barn, I've got something of great importance to tell you," he said, taking her by the arm.

"To tell me?" she cried, in wonder.

"Yes. Let me introduce myself. My name is Johnny Brown, and I came from New York expressly to see you.

"You did!" still more astonished.

"Now don't get excited, Miss Dora, for I'm going to give you a big surprise. I believe Mr. Benson, a New York broker, who brought you here from a school he placed you in at your father's request, told you that your father's ship foundered at sea and that your father and some of the crew were drowned."

"Yes, yes, my poor father," and Dora broke into a sobbing fit. "He is dead and I haven't a friend left in the world."

"I came here to tell you that your father was not drowned."

"Not drowned!" she cried.

"No; the ship went down, but he was saved and is alive at this minute."

Dora uttered a little cry of delight.

"Then he will return to New York soon and I shall see him again. You have made me so happy. You don't know how grateful I am to you."

"I suppose you think that Mr. Benson treated you in a shabby way to take you away from school and place you on this farm?"

"I do, indeed. He told me that my father lost all his money speculating in Wall Street stocks."

"Then he told you a big lie. The truth is he and his partner used your father's money to benefit themselves."

"Then my father when he gets back will make them return it to him."

"Your father has got back."

"Is he in New York? Then he will come here at once and take me away."

"Those two rascally brokers, Benson and Wheat, have kidnapped him out of New York and

placed him in a sanitarium on this island, and there he is being held a close prisoner; but don't cry, little girl, I'm going to have him rescued just as soon as my boss gets back from Chicago. Just put your trust in me. In fact, you'll have to, for I'm the only person friendly towards your father who knows where he is."

"And you will save him?" she cried, eagerly.

"I certainly will if nothing turns up to prevent me."

"I shall be grateful to you all my life, and I know my father will, too," said the girl, earnestly.

"I believe you. And now I fear that if you stay here after this visit of mine trouble may come to you. Mrs. Caulder thinks that Benson sent me down here on business connected with you. That's why she quit chasing you with the cowhide. Now, both Benson and Wheat are expected down here over Sunday in an auto. They may get here at any moment. As soon as they get here Mrs. Caulder is bound to tell them about my visit, and that I said I was sent here by Benson. That rascal will at once suspect that something is wrong, for he didn't send me. He might take you to some place, possibly the sanitarium where your father is, and keep you prisoner there, like the other unfortunates who have been carried there from time to time."

Dora looked frightened at his words.

"I think the best thing you can do is to let me carry you off from here, and take you home to my mother, who will look out for you till your father is rescued from the sanitarium."

"How can you do it? Mrs. Caulder and her husband, and their son, Ben Caulder, never will let you do that."

"Will you go if I can manage it?"

"Yes, oh, yes; anything to get away from this dreadful farm."

"All right. I was talking to Ben Caulder before I got as far as the house. He told me there was a small sailboat tied up at a landing back of that big tree yonder. There seems to be nobody in that field so all we have to do is to run to the landing and put off in that boat, then the Caulders won't be able to catch us to save their lives."

"But I would have to go just as I am, without even a hat."

"Wouldn't you rather do that than stay here another night?"

"Yes, yes; I know I can trust you."

"Of course you can. You could trust me with your life and it would be as safe as though it was in your father's care."

"Then I will go with you," she said.

"Spoken like a brave little girl. You'll never regret it."

Johnny stepped to the corner of the barn and looked around it. He saw Mrs. Caulder coming out of one of the outhouses where she had been on a hunt after Dora and the boy visitor, over whose disappearance she appeared to be in a great sweat. She started for the barn, the door of which stood open.

"She's going in there after us," thought Johnny. Then a bold idea struck him. He watched her disappear from his line of vision, and then ran to the front corner. As soon as he

heard her enter the building he rushed over to the door and shut it on her, put the heavy hasp in place and secured it with the padlock, putting the key in his pocket. The woman let out a shout and rushing to the door commenced to pound on it. Johnny returned to Dora.

"I've got Mrs. Caulder locked up in the barn," he said, gleefully.

"You have!" cried the girl, in amazement. "How did you do it?"

"Never mind, I did it all right, now's your chance to get your hat, and anything you can gather up in a hurry, then we'll make for the boat. There's nobody around."

Dora ran to the house and up to her room. She put on her hat, wrapped up a few clothes in a bundle and hurried back to the yard. Johnny kept watch while she was thus engaged, grinning at the racket Mrs. Caulder was kicking up in the barn. There was none of the farm people anywhere within earshot to help her. Her husband and the hired hand were at work in a distant field, from which they would not return till sundown, while Ben, her son, was where Johnny had met him. The young messenger looked in the kitchen and seeing the pan of biscuits on the table where Mrs. Caulder had placed them to cool, the sight made his mouth water, as he was hungry. Knowing that he and Dora probably would be some time on the sailboat, he decided to capture the biscuits. He picked up a basket and breaking open the biscuits slapped a pat of butter into each from a jar as he dropped them into the basket. He had the job completed by the time the girl appeared.

"Come on," he said, grabbing up the basket, "we have no time to lose."

And indeed they had not, for when he looked down the lane he saw a big touring car coming toward the house.

"We must run for it, Miss Dora," he said. "Here come Benson and his partner in their auto."

Placing the barn between them and the lane, they rushed across the rear field toward the big tree. They reached it all right, and then had about one hundred yards further to go. Before they had covered it Johnny saw the boat tied to the little wharf. Springing on board he took the home-made stops off the sail and hoisted it. Then he helped Dora on board, after which there was nothing to do but cast off and sail away under the influence of the offshore breeze.

CHAPTER XI.—Johnny Has it on Benson & Wheat.

Their escape had attracted no attention, and the advantage of the situation was all with them. The automobile had stopped in the lane so that Benson could say something to Ben Caulder. Ben at once told him that his messenger had arrived and was at the house.

"My messenger? What do you mean?" said the broker, looking hard at the boy.

"What your office boy. You sent him here with a message to Dora Benson."

"I guess you're dreaming, young man," said

Benson, sharply. "I sent nobody with a message to the girl. I'm here myself, that's enough."

"Gosh! is that so? You'd better go on to the house, then, and see who that boy is. He told me he worked for you."

"There's something wrong, Benson," said Wheat, starting up the machine. "That must be the same boy who called at the sanitarium last Sunday and succeeded in delivering a note to the captain. Too bad we didn't learn about that till we went to the sanitarium this afternoon. I'm afraid it's that young imp we caught in the office the day the captain called. He must have lied about having been asleep. We will have to pickle him or we are liable to run into all kinds of trouble."

By that time they had reached the yard. The kitchen door was open and they looked for Mrs. Caulder to come out and extend a greeting to them, but she didn't appear, for the very good reason, as the reader knows, that she was locked up in the barn. The brokers alighted and went to the kitchen and looked in. There was no one there. Supposing that Mrs. Caulder was upstairs, Benson pounded on the table. As this produced no results, he went to the entry door and pounded on that. Nobody came. Then he shouted out the lady's name several times. Mrs. Caulder still remained invisible.

"I wonder where she is?" he asked himself.

He returned to the yard and said to his partner that there appeared to be nobody in the house.

"Somebody is making a racket in the barn," said Wheat. They walked over there.

"Who's in there?" asked Ben.

"I am. Let me out!" cried the woman.

The broker recognized her voice.

"Is that you, Mrs. Caulder?"

"It ain't nobody else," snapped the lady. "Why don't you let me out?"

"The padlock is caught and the key is gone. I'm Benson. How came you to get locked in?"

"That messenger boy you sent here to Dora must have done it."

"I sent no messenger here. He's a fraud. Where is he?"

"How should I know, locked in here?"

Benson couldn't dispute the logic of this reply.

"Shall I break the door open with the axe that's standing here?" he asked.

"Yes, bu'st the padlock," she answered, and Benson did so, freeing the angry lady.

"I went in the barn looking for that boy and Dora, when I didn't see 'em in the yard. They must have been hidin' on me, and the boy played that trick on me. Just wait till I lay my hands on that girl, I'll make her pay up for this thing."

Judging from her face, she meant to make matters exceedingly hot for the girl. Dora, however, was by that time nearly a mile beyond her reach. The boat which carried her and Johnny was making good time westward on the bay. By the time Mrs. Caulder and the two brokers were up to the fact that not only the boy was gone but Dora was missing, too, the boat was half a mile further on its course. Ben Caulder, who had been called on to help look for the two young persons, reported that the boat was gone, which indicated how Dora and the boy had made their escape. The brokers were in even a greater

sweat than Mrs. Caulder. They saw trouble in clunks before them.

"You'd better chase 'em in your car," said Ben.

"What good will that do?"

"I reckon they'll land at Northville, and walk to Penley, four miles north, where they can get a train for Brooklyn. You ought to be able to catch 'em before they get there."

"A good idea," said Wheat. "Come on, Benson."

The brokers got into their car and, after getting full directions how to proceed from Ben, started off. Johnny sighted Northville half an hour later, but decided not to put in there. That was another fortunate decision of his. Benson and Wheat reached Northville ahead of the boat. Leaving Benson in the car on the outskirts, Wheat went down to the water-front to look for the sailboat. In a short time he made out a small boat sailing along briskly, half a mile offshore. He soon saw that she did not make any move to put in at that village. When she had gone past he returned to the auto and reported to his partner. They made inquiries as to where the next village was, and how they could reach it and started off again. Johnny liked the water trip so well that he was in no hurry to land. It was a fine afternoon, close on to sundown, and promised to be a fine night. He and Dora had supped sumptuously of the buttered biscuits and did not feel the need of anything more to eat till morning. Under these circumstances Johnny decided to sail all the way to Rockaway Beach and take a train, with Dora, for New York. He knew there were a bunch of islands at the western end of the bay. He proposed to put in at one of them and stay there till morning, and then finish the trip.

"We'll get our next meal at the Beach, and then I'll take you home with me," he said to the girl. "I don't live in a swell place, not half as good as my clothes leads you to suppose. It's only a cheap tenement, but you'll find my mother all right, and she'll protect you until I can turn you over to your father, which I hope will be soon, for your own sake."

Dora said any place was preferable to the Caulder farm, and she said if his mother was half as nice as he was she would be perfectly satisfied to stay with her as long as it was necessary. So the boat sailed on well into the night, and then they reached the first of the islands at the western end of the long and narrow bay. Johnny put in and moored the boat, hauling down the sail. He and Dora stepped on shore and seeking a spot in the shrubbery the girl lay down and went to sleep, while Johnny kept watch all night. Dora awoke bright and early, and after finishing the half dozen biscuits that remained over they resumed the trip to Rockaway Beach, which they reached about noon. Here he turned the boat over to a boatman for safe-keeping till called for, telling the man she was the property of Ben Caulder, son of a farmer up the bay, who would come after her. Johnny and Dora took dinner at a restaurant and boarded the next train for Brooklyn. They crossed the bridge and in due time Johnny astonished his mother by walking into her rooms with a very pretty young

stranger. Then Johnny told his mother the whole story of the conspiracy against Captain Bassett, and asked his mother to care for Dora till the captain was rescued from the sanitarium, which Mrs. Brown readily consented to do, assuring the girl that she would be a mother to her for the time being.

CHAPTER XII.—Johnny Makes Another Haul out of the Market.

Mr. Douglas returned from Chicago Sunday afternoon and appeared at the office on the following morning. Naturally, he was unusually busy that day and Johnny got no chance to talk to him on the subject he was most interested in—Captain Bassett. L. & M. went up two points that day, closing strong. When Johnny finished up his duties for the day Mr. Douglas was out at lunch. The young messenger waited around the entrance of the building until four o'clock for him to return, but he did not. On the way home he decided to go up to his employer's house that evening and tell him the story there. When he got home he found Dora helping his mother on some sewing. She seemed quite contented with her temporary home and greeted Johnny beamingly, for she was deeply grateful to him for what he had done for her father and herself. Johnny told her that his boss had got back from Chicago, and that he was going up to his house after supper to tell him all about the conspiracy against her father and enlist his influence in the captain's behalf. That made Dora happy, for she had great confidence in Johnny.

"Has mother treated you all right to-day?" Johnny asked her.

"Indeed she has," replied the girl. "She is kindness itself."

"You see, I told you the truth when I said she would take the best of care of you. I have the best mother in the world, Dora. When my father died and left her alone in the world with me to look after she had a desperately hard struggle to make ends meet, that's why she had to go out and do menial work. It hasn't disgraced her, for honest work, however lowly, is always honorable. Now, that I have grown up, though I ain't very big for my years it is true, and have a good position, I am helping her out a little, but not half as much as I intend to do in the near future when I'm worth money. Then she will not need to do any more work. I intend she shall live in her own house and have an auto to ride in the park and enjoy herself as she deserves."

Dora smiled and regarded the boy with great approval.

"Dear me, do you ever expect to make money enough to buy a house, Johnny," laughed his mother.

"Do I? I should say I do. You don't know half of what I'm capable of doing, mother," said Johnny, earnestly. "Do you think because I'm a small boy I can't make as much money as a big one? The best goods are done up in the smallest parcels."

"Father and I will see that your mother wants for nothing," said Dora.

"Thanks, Dora, but that job is up to me. It's

my duty. A boy can't do too much for his mother. As a rule, most of them don't do enough, but that's the way of the world, and I guess it's the same with the girls."

"I'm sure it wouldn't be the way with me if my mother were alive," said the girl, soberly.

"I know it, but you're one of a thousand, Dora. I hope you won't forget me when you come into your own again."

"I never will forget you, Johnny," said Dora, with a look that made the boy's heart beat quicker. "Neither will my father ever forget what you've done for him."

"Ho! I haven't done such a lot. I expect to get him out of the sanitarium, though, and give him the chance to get back at those rascally brokers."

"Don't say that you haven't done much, Johnny. You saved me from that slavery on the Caulder farm, and but for you my father might never have got away from the sanitarium," said Dora.

"He isn't away yet, but I don't see how Doctor Coit will be able to hold on to him when the police authorities get after him. Say no more about it till he is out."

After supper Johnny made his way uptown to the residence of his employer, and that gentleman was much surprised when Johnny's name was carried to him by the servant. Johnny was shown into the library, where the broker was reading the evening newspaper.

"Well, Johnny, this is rather a surprise. It must be something important which has brought you up here."

"It is, sir. You will be surprised when you hear what I have to tell you," replied the little messenger.

"I am ready to hear you," said Mr. Douglas, with some curiosity.

"One day about two weeks ago you sent me with an important note to Mr. Benson, of Benson & Wheat, Hanover Street."

"Yes, I remember."

"I was gone an hour on the errand and you thought it and unusually long time."

The broker nodded.

"That errand is the starting point of a most remarkable story which I will now tell you."

Johnny began at the beginning by stating how he had been shown into Benson's private room when he was out and how the heat of the day had put him to sleep in the easy-chair.

"Benson and Wheat both came in there while I was asleep and began a conversation without noticing me, for I was hidden by the paper and the safe," went on the little messenger. "I suppose their voices woke me up, and before I was thoroughly awake I heard things that induced me to keep on listening. This is what I heard."

Johnny then told everything that took place that day in Benson & Wheat's office. To say that Mr. Douglas was astonished would be to put it mildly. In fact, he was inclined to doubt the reality of the boy's statement, and intimated as much.

"All right, sir, I expected you would think it was beyond credence, so now I give you proof that everything is true," said Johnny.

He then told about his visit to Eastville and the

sanitarium, and how he had by an artful stratagem conveyed a note to Captain Bassett.

"I had a good view of him in the cell, for that's about what it was, and as I had previously seen him in Benson & Wheat's office I could not mistake somebody else for him. He was there all right, a prisoner against his will. And I'll bet he isn't the only one in that sanitarium confined against their will by designing people. The place ought to be rooted out, and Doctor Coit and his methods exposed. They shall be if I can bring it about."

Mr. Douglas began to see truth in his messenger's story at last. His remaining doubts were swept away when Johnny told him about his visit to the Caulder farm and his rescue of the captain's daughter.

"Dora Bassett is now under my mother's care, and if you want to see her and hear her side of the story my mother shall bring her to your office to-morrow," he said.

"Upon my word, Johnny, you are a most extraordinary boy," said the broker, with a note of admiration in his tones. "You have done wonders. Why, you are quite a detective."

"I was simply out in the interests of right and justice. Now, sir, I have done my part and I appeal to you, in the interest of the captain, to take this matter up with the police. They'll give you attention, where they would turn me down. I want you to save Captain Bassett from Benson and Wheat, for they are the greatest pair of rascals that ever got into Wall Street."

"I will do what I can, Johnny. If you will have your mother bring Miss Bassett to my office at nine in the morning I will be there to meet them. Then after hearing her story I will decide on my course of action."

"All right, sir. I'll see they are on hand," said Johnny, rising. "I will now say good-by, for there is nothing more to be said on the subject."

Johnny returned home and related the result of his interview with Mr. Douglass to Dora and his mother.

"You will both come to the office with me in the morning," he said. "Then we may look to see something doing that will free your father, Dora, and probably land Benson and Wheat in jail, and perhaps Doctor Coit with them," he said.

They were willing to go with him, and said so.

Accordingly, next morning Johnny escorted them to Wall Street and introduced them into Mr. Douglas' private room, where the broker found them when he arrived a few minutes later. Dora's story amply confirmed Johnny's allegation that Benson was a scoundrel, and Wheat was undoubtedly even worse, from the boy's story. Mr. Douglas communicated with the Mansard House, at Johnny's request, and learned that the captain had not been there since the morning he started for Wall Street. That was added confirmation of Johnny's story. The broker sent his messenger for a cab and with Johnny on the box with the driver the party visited Police Headquarters and had an extended interview with the chief of the department. The stories of the young people were taken down by a stenographer, and as soon as they were typewritten they signed

them before a notary. The police proceeded to act.

"The officers will probably fail to find Captain Bassett in the building," said Johnny, as they were about to leave, "but if you investigate the basement thoroughly you will find that there are secret cells underneath the floor somewhere. In one of these you will find the captain, if those rascals have not removed him to other quarters. In that case it will be up to the detectives to find him, for I guess I've done all I can."

The chief nodded and made a note of the boy's tip, and then Dora and Mrs. Brown went home, while Johnny and his boss returned to Wall Street. That day L. & M. went up two points more, and Johnny felt mighty good over the prospects he had in the market. His thoughts, however, were largely taken up by what he looked for the police to do that afternoon. He went home after work and had a talk with Dora. While his mother was getting supper ready he went out and bought an evening paper, hoping to find something in it about the visit of the police to the sanitarium, but there was nothing. After supper he went over to Police Headquarters to learn what had been done. The officer in charge professed to know nothing about the matter, and so the boy returned home disappointed, and his report was not encouraging to Dora. The morning paper had nothing about the matter, and so when Mr. Douglas came to the office Johnny had a talk with him. The broker called up Headquarters and was told that the detectives had gone to the sanitarium, had been permitted to search the building, and reported on their return that Captain Bassett was not in the place, nor was there any evidence to show that he had been there. At any rate, Dr. Coit denied that such a patient had been brought there, and he further professed profound ignorance about Benson and Wheat, whom he declared he did not know. Johnny was knocked in a heap by this information, and he began to suspect that the detectives had been bought off. He said so to Mr. Douglas, but that gentleman was non-committal.

"I don't see how I can go home and carry that news to Dora Bassett," said the boy. "She expects to see her father to-day."

The broker didn't see what could be done until he called on the chief and got a fuller report. The market being on the rise, business was pretty good for the first week of August, when things are usually dull in Wall Street. Most of the brokers in consequence came to town to look after things, when otherwise they would have remained with their families in the country. Johnny was kept busy until quitting time, and the only bit of satisfaction he had that day was a further advance in L. & M. He did not learn anything further that afternoon about the visit of the detectives to the sanitarium, and he deferred going home till supper time, when he told Dora that the officers had not rescued her father. She felt quite discouraged at that and he did the best he could to brace her up, saying that something would surely happen in a day or two. Next day Johnny met the reporter for a big paper and gave him an outline of the case, telling him that the police had failed to come to time. The re-

porter scented a sensational story and reported the affair to his chief. He was instructed to investigate. That day L. & M. reached 100. Next day it went to 105, and on Friday reached 111. Johnny thought it looked topheavy at that figure and sold out at a profit of \$2,050.

CHAPTER XIII.—Johnny Collects Dead Mining Certificates.

Next morning the reporter came in the office to see Johnny. He told the boy that he had found out that Dr. Coit enjoyed a powerful political pull, and that in all probability the detectives had been quietly tipped off to let the sanitarium alone.

"That's an outrage!" cried the boy, indignantly.

"Such things happen, you know, right along. I want you to call at the editorial rooms with the young lady at five o'clock this afternoon. The editor wants to hear your stories, after which he will decide whether to print the story or not."

Johnny promised to be on hand, and kept his word. He and Dora told all they knew about the affair and then went home. Next day the reporter went out to the Caulder farm with an artist. The newspaper man interviewed the Caulders about Dora. At first they declared they knew nothing about Benson, but the reporter told them there was no use of their denying their connection with the broker, for he had the information anyway, and unless they made a clean breast of the affair it was more than probable they would be arrested. He bluffed them into a panic, and Caulder and his wife finally agreed to sign a statement if nothing was done to them. The reporter accepted their statement, which was witnessed by the artist, who had in the meanwhile taken a picture of the farmhouse, and of the Caulders themselves when they were off their guard. The story was put in type that night and proofs taken of it. With these in his possession the newspaper man called at the office of Benson & Wheat and showed it to Benson. Benson declared the story a lie from beginning to end.

"It will be published just the same," said the reporter, "unless Captain Bassett turns up and denies it himself."

Benson sent over to the Exchange for Wheat, and when he arrived he was shown the proof. He swore it was a lie, too, and threatened to sue the paper if it was printed.

"We hold a statement from the Caulders verifying the fact that you, Mr. Benson, placed Dora Bassett at their farm. We have the statement of the principal of the seminary showing when you placed the girl at the school and when you took her away, in the middle of the term. We have the affidavit of the girl herself, and the sworn story of the conspiracy as related by the chief witness against you. If you think you can beat us you can go ahead and try."

"This is newspaper blackmail," said Wheat, hotly. "What's your price?"

"We haven't any price. I came here merely to suggest that it would be to your interest to restore Captain Bassett to liberty on the best terms

you can make with him. We'll give you till tomorrow to do it. That's all, gentlemen. Good-day!"

Johnny, in the meanwhile, had learned from a Western newspaper that the Hebe Gold and Silver Mining Co., of Paradise, Nevada, had been reorganized under a new management, and that work, which had been stopped for two years, was about to be resumed. That day he was hunting in the closet in Mr. Douglas' room for something when he found a package of 10,000 shares of the stock.

"Did you know this stock was in the closet, Mr. Douglas?" he asked.

"I had forgotten about it. It's hardly worth keeping, it seems to me."

"Make me a present of it if you don't want it," said the boy.

"What use would it be to you?"

"I could keep them as curiosities. They are rather fancy ones."

"I never heard of making curiosities of stock. However, you can have them to do what you please with."

"Thank you, sir," and Johnny put them aside to take home with him.

Of course, Johnny did not seriously intend to use the certificates as curiosities—that was only a joke of his. Later on that day Johnny carried a note to a big Curb broker. When the gentleman handed him his answer Johnny asked him if he had any certificates of the Hebe Mine he didn't want.

"Why do you asked that?" asked the broker.

"Mr. Douglas gave me a big bunch of them this morning because they were no good and only took up room in the closet, and I'd like to get some more. They'd make fine wall paper."

"Is that what you're thinking of using them for?"

"Don't you think it an original idea?"

"It certainly is original. I've got a lot of them in the office, but I never thought of giving them away."

"I guess they aren't any better than waste-paper or my boss wouldn't have given me 10,000 shares to take away."

"Wait a minute and I'll see what I have," said the broker.

He looked up the stock and found 10,000 shares thickly coated with dust in his closet.

"Wrap them up and take them away," he said.

Johnny took the stock to his office, and the next time he went out he called on Broker Stack.

"I'm making a collection of old worthless stock certificates. Mr. Harley told me you had some Hebe certificates that were lumbering up your office. He gave me a bunch of them, and I've come for yours, if you want to get them out of the way."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"I told Mr. Harley I thought they would make fine wallpaper. What do you think about it?"

The broker laughed.

"That is certainly a new idea. The Hebe Mine is about as dead as mines ever get to be that have nothing in them but dirt and rock of such a low grade that it doesn't pay to take it out. So you want the certificates? You can have them. I told the janitor to take them downstairs

and throw them away some time ago, but he forgot to do it for I saw them in the closet this morning. Help yourself to them."

So Johnny walked off with 10,000 more shares of Hebe. Johnny was sitting in his chair at the office about noon next day when the door opened and in walked Captain Bassett. Johnny nearly fell off his seat from surprise.

"Hello, captain!" he cried, rushing forward. "Gosh! but I'm glad to see you."

"Are you Johnny Brown?" asked the skipper, grabbing the boy by the hand.

"Yes, I'm Little Johnny Brown."

"Little!" cried the captain, wringing his hand.

"Yes, you're little in size, but you're mighty big in my opinion every other way. I am told that you know where my Dora is."

"You were told right. She's living with us—my mother and I."

"How soon can you take me to your home?"

"I'll do it right away, captain. Come in and see Mr. Douglas. He tried hard to get you out of that sanitarium, but somehow things didn't work smoothly. How did you get free?"

"You shall know by and by. I had to make a deal with those rascals. It went against my grain, but the doctor made it plain to me that it was the best thing I could do. He told me that he had powerful friends who would take his part if I tried to make trouble for him, and I guess he has. As for Benson and Wheat, I've agreed not to prosecute them on condition that I accept my money in instalments. I have just collected the first instalment, but I wouldn't sign any paper to save them for fear they wouldn't pay me another cent."

Johnny took the captain into the private room and introduced him to his boss. Mr. Douglas was glad to see Captain Bassett free, and explained the efforts he had made in his behalf. The captain thanked him for the interest he had taken in him, but the broker said he did it to oblige his boy, Johnny Brown.

"The captain is anxious to go to his daughter. Can I be excused long enough to take him to my house, sir?" asked Johnny.

"Certainly," said the broker. "Tell the cashier you are going off for an hour with my permission."

So Johnny and Captain Bassett started for the tenement together. We will not dwell on the meeting between Captain Bassett and his daughter. We leave that to the reader's imagination. Johnny left to return to the office while the captain still had Dora in his arms, so he did not lose a great deal of time over the trip.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

Johnny kept on looking for Hebe mining certificates. There were probably 100,000 shares in all in Wall Street, and they were generally regarded as so much waste-paper. Two days after the return of Captain Bassett from the sanitarium, during which time Dora elected to stay with Johnny and his mother while her father was arranging to take her into the country for the month of August, after which she was to return to the seminary where she had made such a brief stay, Johnny learned that a broker named Pink-

baum had a quantity of Hebe mining shares in his office. The little messenger paid him a visit.

"I heard you had a few Hebe mining stock certificates," he said, after introducing himself to the broker as Douglas' messenger.

"A few!" ejaculated the Curb trader. "My gracious! I have a pile so high," and Finkelbaum indicated the quantity by holding his hand above his desk.

"Do you want to get rid of them?"

"Sure. What will you give for them?"

"They ain't worth a whole lot. Three brokers have already made me a present of 10,000 shares each. I didn't know but you were willing to pay for having them taken away."

"Pay to have them taken away? Are you quite right in the head, young man? Do I look as if I was accustomed to give something away for nothing?"

"No, you don't look it, but why not be a sport for once in your life? I won't charge you a cent for taking away all the dead certificates in your office," said Johnny, with his customary bland and child-like smile.

Finkelbaum nearly had a fit.

"You are a most amusing boy. What game are you trying to work, anyway?"

"None at all. I'm not a gamester. The other brokers asked me the same question—what did I want the certificates for? I told them I thought they would make an original brand of wallpaper if put on with skill."

"Is that what you are thinking of using them for?"

"That depends on whether you give them to me or I have to pay for them."

"If you want the 20,000 shares I have you'll have to pay for them."

"How much?"

"Half a cent a share."

"That would be fifty cents for each certificate, if they're all for 100 shares. Really, Mr. Finkelbaum, you are not lacking in nerve yourself. You know they have no market value, and haven't had any for two years."

"Well, suppose we make it a quarter of a cent? That's four shares for a cent. That's next to nothing."

"All right. Make out our order and I'll sign it."

"What's the good of an order? This isn't a regular sale."

"What else is it? You are offering me 20,000 shares of Hebe mining stock for a quarter of a cent a share."

"Well, well, have it your way, but it's hardly worth while."

"You seem to think it's worth while to collect \$50 from me for a lot of dead shares, so just put it on paper and I'll pay you the money."

The broker did so, and Johnny paid him \$50.

"Thank you, Mr. Finkelbaum. You didn't know that the company had been reorganized, did you, and that work was going to be resumed on the property?" said Johnny, as he got up with the bundle of certificates under his arm.

"What!" exclaimed the broker. "Who said so?"

"I heard so, that's why I'm buying up all the old certificates. Good-by!"

Johnny bowed himself out of the room, leaving the trader staring after him.

Johnny managed to get hold of another 10,000 shares, cheap, which gave him 60,000 altogether. He took them all home and put them in a book he got at the grocery where his mother dealt.

Johnny concluded not to wait for the \$5,000 to surprise his mother, for the Wall Street game is risky and he might lose half of his \$3,000 in his next venture. So he broke the news to her of how much he had made in the stock market, and Mrs. Brown could hardly believe her ears.

"Now, mother, I want you to look for a nice flat uptown, for we're going to quit here on the first, and you're going to stop going out to work. The captain is going to board with us, and we want to have a comfortable place for him. You will have all you want to do to attend to the flat after we get into it," said Johnny.

So Mrs. Brown went flat hunting and found several suitable places, the pick of which she left to her son. Johnny decided on one of them and then went to a furniture store and ordered everything he felt they needed. Most of their old things were to be given away to their needy neighbors. On the first of the month they took leave of the lower East Side forever, and went to the upper West Side.

A week later Dora and the captain came. Dora remained ten days and then the captain took her back to school. About this time Johnny heard that a syndicate had been formed to corner O. & H. shares and he bought 250 at 95. Ten days later he sold out at a profit of \$2,750, which made him worth something over his coveted \$5,000. On the heels of that came the news from the West that a strike had been made in the Hebe Mine at last, and the stock was listed on the Goldfield market at 25 cents a share.

Mr. Douglas congratulated Johnny on his luck in picking up the stock he held at almost nothing. Brokers Harley and Stack felt a bit foolish at having given the boy the stock for nothing, for which they could each have realized \$2,500 from. But their feelings were nothing compared with Finkelbaum's. He fairly tore his hair and had several kinds of fits when he saw the shares he had sold Johnny for \$50 were now worth \$5,000.

Johnny's 60,000 shares were worth \$15,000, which made him worth \$20,000. Ultimately he sold the stock for about \$20,000, by which time he had made another \$5,000 in the market. On the first of the year Johnny was married in the counting-room and that prevented him from doing much in the speculative line thereafter. He invested his money in first mortgages, and drew an annual income from them of four and one-half per cent.

Two years later Johnny was of legal age and Mr. Douglas made him his representative on the floor of the Exchange. Dora graduated about the same time, and then Johnny asked the captain for his daughter. Needless to say the skipper said, "Bless you, my children," and so the young couple were married. With that happy ending we draw the curtain on Little Johnny Brown, the boy who made money in Wall Street.

Next week's issue will contain "FINDING A FORTUNE; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD BELL TOWER."

CURRENT NEWS

\$600 FOR SEVEN HENS.

That a liberal thief robbed his henneries in North Bessemer, Pa., is the statement of John Alcorn, who found \$600 in his chicken coop after a raid had been made several nights ago. One morning Alcorn discovered that seven hens were missing, but found a roll of money on the floor consisting of four \$100 and four \$50 bills.

Some of Alcorn's neighbors did not fare as well. Albert Ritzman reported he was robbed of thirty chickens on the same night, but the thieves had left no money.

LIGHTNING'S CURIOUS PRANKS.

Lightning played some curious pranks on the farm of A. F. Stevens near Gravelle, Ark., recently. A bolt struck a small tree and scattered bits of trunk and stump over a 400 foot space. The lightning then ploughed up the ground in different directions and for many yards. It came out of the ground and broke a telephone pole in two. It went into a wire fence and melted some of the wires. It followed a phone wire into the Stevens house, burned out the phone and exploded with a sound as loud as that of a shotgun when fired.

GALLSTONES OF CATTLE SELL AT HIGH PRICES.

Slaughter houses are the source of many curious by-products, and among the strangest, with the highest value, are the gallstones of cattle. This queer commodity, in a newly developed market, has sold at from \$160 to as high as \$225 a pound, much of it for export to Japan.

Gallstones, says Popular Mechanics, contain a large amount of cholesterol, a fatty crystalline alcohol useful in biological laboratories, which probably accounts for much of the demand, though some may be used as amulets or for barbaric medicines.

SAVES HUSBAND, LOSES ARM

Her determination to save her husband from being ground to death beneath the wheels of a train cost Mrs. Ota Mitchell, aged 20, of Perry County, Ky., an arm.

The husband, James Mitchell, had become intoxicated and his wife found him lying on the railroad track. Mrs. Mitchell tried to lift him off the track just as a train bore down upon them.

Mitchell's body was almost too heavy for the strength of his wife, who, just as the train reached her, thrust her husband to safety. As she did so the locomotive struck her and dragged her some distance, tearing her arm so that it had to be amputated. She may not recover.

630-CARAT EMERALD COMES TO NEW YORK.

An uncut emerald of 630 carats, said to be the largest mined since the days of Cortes, arrived the other day for the Colombian Emerald Syndicate of No. 90 West street, to whom it belongs.

The green bauble, taken from the Chivor mine, is five-eighths inches long and about

twice that depth. The stone will be sent to an appraiser, who will examine it for hexagonal depths. It will be cut into small gems, as there is no demand for a stone of such large dimensions.

The largest emerald in existence to-day weighs 1,000 carats and is in Bogota.

A LONG SMOKE.

The champion cigar smoker in Paris kept a cigar alight for two hours and seventeen minutes. Nothing is said as to the length of the cigar. It was a California miner who wagered that he would smoke six cigars, six cigarettes and six pipes of strong tobacco within an hour. He accomplished the task, was seized with an attack of heart failure immediately afterward and never smoked again. The tenor Mario smoked from twenty-five to thirty ordinary sized cigars a day, and in Italy, where he could not obtain Havanas, he used to smoke daily a hundred Cavours. They say that Edwin Booth smoked twenty-five cigars a day. Mark Twain ran him close.

FIND MAN HALF BURNED.

An unidentified white man, nude and dying, his skull crushed and his flesh burned from his waist down, was found the other day in the woods near Monroe, La. The man, believed by local officers to have come here from Houston, Tex., died without regaining consciousness.

Evidence that coal oil had been poured on his body was found by officers, and a smouldering fire near where the man was found indicated that the man had been thrown on it.

Tattoo marks, "W. L." and the name of "L. Coleman," a Houston, Tex., hat firm, in the hatband, were the only marks of identification that could be found.

20 PER CENT. DISCOUNT PUT ON CANADIAN COIN.

In an effort to break up the operations of a gang of money exchangers, Cleveland bankers, acting through the Cleveland Clearing House, the other day voted to accept Canadian money only at a discount of 20 per cent. This action was taken after a committee of bankers had agreed to discount silver and paper money alike.

Organized gangs have been flooding Northern cities of the country with Canadian coin and have been making profits of thousands of dollars, which American banks have lost, according to J. C. Henderson, manager of the commercial division of the foreign department of the Guardian Savings and Trust Company, one of the largest banks in the city.

A person with \$8,950 in American money came to the exchange it across the border for \$10,000 in Canadian coin, because of the depreciated rate of exchange, bankers say. This would be brought back to this country and placed in circulation at par.

The discount rate will be permanent and will not fluctuate with the exchange rate, bankers announced.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued)

"If you should want to retain possession of a picture for several days you could do so, I suppose, by paying the daily rental."

"Of course."

"Well, if I want you to retain possession of a picture for several days you could do so, I suppose, by paying the daily rental."

"Of course."

"Well, I want you to retain the picture called 'The Work of the Black Hand' for several days, until I tell you that I have no further use for it, and I will pay you now twenty-five dollars for the next five days."

"All right," said the manager, and he took the money.

"And if I want you at any time to give a private exhibition of the picture, can you send an operator with the reel who can make the proper electric connection and show the picture?"

"Certainly."

"How much would that cost me?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"It's a bargain. Here is my card, and I will give you ample time when the picture is needed."

"I will be prepared," said the manager, and there the matter ended for the present, and Lew went back to his seat. He scarcely saw the rest of the show, for he was thinking about something very deeply, and the occasional grin that crossed his face indicated that his thoughts were pleasing.

He was so much worked up over them that he had trouble in getting to sleep, but that did not prevent him from getting up at six the next morning. Lew's family were people in comfortable circumstances, and he had a large bedroom on the first floor, but his bed only occupied a small corner of the apartment, the rest of it being taken up with a trapeze, a horizontal bar, several pairs of Indian clubs, dumbbells, boxing gloves, a rowing machine, and other parts of a gymnasium outfit. The young lawyer had graduated at the head of his class and was confident that his brain was all right, and he had made up his mind that his physical equipment should be all right also.

He took a cold bath and then put on his gymnasium suit and began to go through his exercises, his muscles showing plainly in the morning light. Just before seven o'clock there came a ring at the bell, and in came Eddie Blakesley for his morning bout with the gloves.

The office boy was young and slim, but he was as quick as a cat, and made a fair sparring partner for the young lawyer. When the bout was over Lew dressed himself, had his breakfast, and

then started for the office, which he generally reached a little before nine.

He was passing through a side street which afforded a short cut to the office, when he heard a loud scream, and an instant later came the shrill tones of a female voice:

"Help! help!"

Lew had been walking along plunged in thought, and with his head down, but now he looked up quickly.

The street was a newly made one, with not more than two or three houses in it, and the sole persons in sight were two men who had seized a young girl about twenty yards from where Lew had been walking along.

The girl was struggling with the two men, one of whom was trying to hold her tight, while the other seemed to be trying to rob her. Lew took in the meaning of the scene at a glance and bounded forward like a tiger.

"Let go, you villains," he shouted, and the men released the girl and at once turned upon him.

It was a case of two to one, but that didn't discourage the athletic young lawyer, who bore down upon them like a cyclone.

One of the men rushed to meet him, and Lew stopped for one brief instant to plant a sturdy right foot in front of him, while his hands flew up into the guard of a boxer.

The man reached him and struck out in a clumsy manner, but Lew blocked the blow and returned it with such a straight and strong hit that the fellow at once rolled into the gutter.

The other one had started to rush at him also, but the ready manner in which Lew had disposed of the first man seemed to cause him to change his mind, and with a yell to his comrade, he took to his heels.

The man that Lew had knocked down picked himself up from the ground and followed the discreet example of his comrade, and in an instant the two had disappeared around the corner.

Sobbing hysterically, the girl ran staggering up to Lew and flung her arms around his neck.

"Oh, how can I thank you for your brave act?" she cried. "Those men would have robbed me, and perhaps they would have murdered me."

"Calm yourself, young lady," he said. "The danger is over."

"Oh, I am so excited," sobbed the girl. "My nerves seem to be entirely upset. Will you be kind enough to see me home?"

"Certainly," said Lew, "and then you can tell me just how this thing happened."

"My name is Grace Carrington," said the girl, as she started off towards the main thoroughfare with the young lawyer at her side, "and I live a few blocks from here, in Maple street. I had to go to my dressmaker early this morning in order to get a last measurement for a dress that I wish to wear this afternoon at a church tea party, and that was what took me through that street where you so fortunately came to my aid. I had no idea that anything in the way of harm was meant when the men came up to me, for they only asked me to direct them to a certain street, and I was telling them as well as I could when one of them caught me by the arms, while the other tried to tear the earrings out of my ears."

(To be continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

ROB BANK OF \$119,000; THEN DESTROY IT BY FIRE.

The Commonwealth National Bank at Reedville, Va., was robbed of cash and securities totaling \$119,000 and then set on fire, according to reports received the other day by the Washington Police Department.

The collector of customs at Reedville in reporting the robbery said it had occurred at about 2:30 o'clock and that the robbers were believed to have escaped in an automobile. The building, a two-story frame structure, was destroyed. The door to the vault and that of the safe inside were found open, it was said.

The cash missing was placed by bank officials at \$19,000, while the \$100,000 in securities included a large amount of Liberty bonds.

SOME REMARKABLE FIGURES.

We are told repeatedly that the horse is passing out of sight. Two or three years more and you may still discover the dust of the trail over which he has vanished, but he will be gone. In the face of such assertions, generally made by the auto-truck and tractor advertisers, it is interesting to read the statements of Mr. F. E. Burrall, president of the National Wholesale Sadding Association. He says, following Government reports, that the number of horses increased in the United States more than 1,701,000 from 1910 to 1920; that since 1870 the horse population has increased 203.3 per cent., as compared with 176.6 per cent., the rate for the human inhabitants. He says, further, that the market price for horses has increased 125 per cent. since 1900, and that of the 6,500,000 farms in this country, only 3 per cent. use tractors, and that the harness makers are making and selling more harnesses than ever.

A CLOCK BUILT OF STRAW.

From Switzerland, the home of the watch and clock industry, comes the description of a clock made entirely of straw and willow withes. Of course there is no particular value in the use of this material, except to demonstrate the ingenuity of the clockmaker. In this clock there is not a single piece of metal. Even the chimes are made of straw put through a special process, so as to give them a ringing tone when struck. Instead of the ordinary swinging pendulum, this clock is provided with a see-saw movement, there being two weights on each side. One great difficulty in making the interior mechanism of the clock was to get the proper elasticity in the springs, which were pressed and turned into coils very much resembling Chinese bamboo. The clock is nine feet high with a face eighteen inches in diameter. The base is of wicker construction from which four heavy linked straw chains serve as guys to keep the clock properly balanced. The movement operates twenty-four hours on each winding. It took over thirty months to complete the clock.

THE DOGS OF DAMASCUS.

It is estimated that there are anywhere from 15,000 to 20,000 dogs in Damascus, and they are all pariahs, says a writer in the Christian Science Monitor. Each has his or her corner on a certain street and there is no protection for those canines who stray into territory not their own. In bands of ten to twenty, they patrol the city by day, and at night time when they are not adding to the noises of the Orient by vocal protests against the ways of the world, they sleep in every nook and cranny about the thoroughfares.

They are always hungry and it needs only the call, "Suk, suk, suk," to rouse them in legions, for by that token of Eastern speech they know that some one, for some reason, is about to feed them bread.

But wander about the different streets in search of food? No, then! Rather do they maintain a "splendid isolation" and refuse to stray from their own street, or even from their particular end of a certain thoroughfare, for they are clannish beyond measure, and their prejudices are distinctly insular even when they are extremely hungry.

"MYSTERY MAGAZINE"

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THE STOLEN YEAR

By EDMUND ELLIOT

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THE MAD KIDNAPER

By Horace Appleton.

Never, so long as I live, shall I forget that night!

There are several reasons why the memory of it is grafted on my mind.

I was on my way to the West, on a business matter of importance, and had taken the night express out of the Grand Central Depot.

We made a stop at Yonkers, where the train was boarded by a lady of middle age, bearing in her arms a babe of about a year.

We made another stop at Peekskill for water, and here the train was boarded by a short, thick-set man, with a short-cut mustache, giving a set and dogged look to a face naturally cast in hard lines.

He gave a keen glance up and down the car, and then proceeding direct to the lady I have mentioned, touched her on the shoulder, saying quietly:

"Madam, I shall have to trouble you to bear me company."

"What do you mean?" she indignantly demanded.

"I mean that you are now in my custody until we can determine if this is a child from Yonkers," mentioning the very station where she had boarded the car.

"I will not go with you!" she said sharply.

"Yes you will," was the grim rejoinder, after consulting a telegram and comparing its description with herself. "I shall not exceed my duty in arresting you."

"And I say that I will not go!" she hissed.

Then casting an appealing glance around, she cried:

"Gentlemen, I call on you for protection! This man wants to force me from the train. He has some evil scheme in view! Surely you will not let him harm me? Oh, where is the conductor? I want the conductor!"

The conductor at this moment put in an appearance.

He sharply asked what the trouble was, and then demanded of the man some basis for the disturbance he was creating.

From where I sat I could see the man display a badge, and then, stepping forward, saw the dispatch that he handed the conductor.

It said:

"Board train that has just left Yonkers—the night express—and arrest woman of thirty-five, fashionably dressed, brown eyes, having a child of a year and two months with her. Child is stolen. The woman is mad. Stealing children is her mania."

When she found that no one would interfere in her behalf the woman began to rave and act wildly. At last she began to froth at the mouth, her eyes glared, every nerve and muscle was anything under the influence of a frenzy telling of unbridled reason.

The officer was compelled to put handcuffs on her before he could lift her from the train.

Long after the train was again in motion I

sat there, shuddering now and then. I tried to read, to do something to drive from my mind the scene she had presented, but found it impossible. In despair I at last arose and went into the smoking-car, and dropping into an unoccupied seat, began puffing away at a Havana.

The man beside whom I had seated myself was not far from my own age, and a minute later said:

"Do you remember of ever meeting me?"

"I can't say that I do."

"I remember you, however," he said with a smile, and drew a circumstance to my mind.

"That brings back your face," I said. "And, Mr. Drew, our house has since been recipients of your favors."

"Not to so great an extent as I could wish, both for their benefit and mine."

After that we chatted pleasantly, and he was telling me of his home, and his wife, and his baby, when something happened.

It was unexpected—was over before I had fairly time to grasp what was coming. There had been a smashup.

My head was spinning, my eyes were filled with a painful stinging, I was almost choking, when reason came slowly back to me. It was only a second later that I discovered that the overturned smoker was on fire. I thought of Mr. Drew, and called him by name.

In a weak voice came the reply:

"Here I am, pinned under a seat."

With almost Herculean strength—I had never shown as much strength before, and never have since—I began working at the seat, and finally succeeded in releasing Drew. I then got him out of a window in time to escape the fire that was rapidly enveloping the car.

As I bent beside Drew, even my inexperienced eyes could not fail to recognize that he was dying. He must have guessed what was in my mind—perhaps my face showed it—and he said, pitifully:

"Mr. Haven, I think that I shall not get over this. Will you attend to me, and—and—if I should die before—before I see my wife, will you tell her that my last thought was a hope that she would forgive me—that I felt then how great a wrong I did her when I pressed a marriage while knowing that she did not love me as a wife should. I—I—"

A spasm of anguish distorted his face, and though he made several attempts to add something further, no intelligible word ever after crossed his lips. He died an hour later.

In accordance with the promise I had made him, I remained by him to the last, and, further than that, accompanied the remains to his home.

At the first sight of Ethel Drew something like an electric shock went through me. It was all I could do to control myself and tell the weeping woman how it had all happened. I could not bring myself to say anything of the lack of love that he had mentioned in his dying moments, and only told her of the occurrences of the night in a casual way.

Before I left the house I saw a two months' old babe—a bright little thing of a boy—who bore his father's name of Edwin.

I don't think I ever knew what it was after

that to have the face of Ethel Drew absent from me for more than a few minutes at a time. I laughed at myself, called myself a fool and a score of other hard names, but all to no purpose. Good or bad, love or absurdity, Ethel Drew was always in my mind.

Several times she had occasion to write to me in connection with the accident on the road in which her husband lost his life, and I came to feel as though I knew her very well. This feeling was not lessened by her cordial reception when I went to call on her on an occasion when in the city of her residence, several months later. I called on her, I think, as often as once in two weeks, after that, and always found her the same. There was nothing in her demeanor toward me that was aught but the purest friendliness, and chafed and fumed because it was so. Her whole existence was wrapped up in her boy.

It was slightly over a year after the death of her husband when I again called. She had laid aside her mourning, and presented an appearance of loveliness ravishing to my eyes. I felt more madly in love with her than ever, but I could not fail to see that she looked upon me in a far different light.

We were talking lightly, when suddenly the nurse came rushing in. At once Mrs. Drew was on her feet. In an excited voice she cried:

"Edwin!—something has happened to him—your face tells me so! Speak—quick! What is it?"

"Gone!" gasped the girl, sinking in a heap on the floor.

Mrs. Drew started for the door. She was reeling before she reached it, and going down on her knees she reached forth her hands and clutched the garments of a lady just entering.

"Edwin!" she cried. "He is gone—stolen!"

I was the only cool person there. From the girl I gathered by dint of questioning and patching together the incoherent answers, that she had left the little fellow in his carriage at the foot of the lawn for a few seconds while she returned to the house for something.

Thus matters stood when night closed in. It was quite late, and I was thinking of going to my hotel, when questioning the nurse for the fourth time, I said:

"You are sure that nobody has been seen around here to-day of a suspicious character, or whom you might think possible would steal the child?"

"No, not a living soul——" She halted suddenly and caught her breath.

"So! You have recalled somebody?"

"A woman, sir. I remember now that there is a woman whom I have seen pass several times.

"Can you give me a description of this woman?"

"I didn't look very sharply, sir, but I know she had eyes that seemed to have fire underneath them."

"How was she dressed?"

"Nicely, sir."

Suddenly across my mind flashed the picture of the woman who had stolen the child from Yonkers that awful night when Mrs. Drew's husband was killed.

I left the house in a state of mind hopeful yet fearful. I made my way to police headquarters,

and made inquiries for such a woman as I had seen that night a year before.

At first nobody could tell me anything, but at last some one said that a woman answering the description could be found at a certain house.

Thither I went. An hour later I knew that I had been sent on a false scent. Disappointed, I returned cityward, and spent the remaining hours of the night restlessly tossing on my bed. I was awake and out of doors by shortly after daylight, and I had not gone three blocks when I saw the child-stealer of a year before. I followed her through the streets of the city, followed her close to and past the home of the bereaved mother. Beyond that was the country, many of the spots as wild and untamed as though it were a hundred miles into the wilderness. On the woman went, and at last turned aside into a piece of wood. Still I followed, and just as I saw her open the door of a rude building and enter I heard the wail of a young child.

A few minutes later I was at an open window that afforded a view of the interior. What I saw froze the blood in my veins. The child—and it was Edwin—lay on a sort of bureau, and the woman stood beside it, revolver in hand.

While I remained there, in an agony of mind to be convinced, but not described, the woman spoke. In a bitter tone she said:

"Your mother calls you pretty innocent. I didn't doubt! Ha! ha! It is one of the fictions of mothers—there never was a man or boy who was innocent. They are all—all—all as treacherous and cruel as the Evil One himself. I wish it were in my power to avenge the wrongs of my sex upon them by sweeping all from the world. But—ha! ha!—I do all that is in my power!"

A man coming along just at this moment, I enlisted him in my services, and we rushed into the house and captured the woman.

We delivered her to the city authorities later, and before night had learned that the woman had but recently escaped from the madhouse, where she had been immured after stealing the child from Yonkers, one year before.

We also learned her sad history. A man professed love for her on whom she showered a devotion that was her whole existence. At the wedding altar he had deserted her. His baseness was exposed by a letter she received from him, telling her that he already had a wife, after she had donned her wedding garments.

From the moment of my restoring Edwin to his hotel, when questioning the nurse for the I could see that she felt a great gratitude for saving her child, and it bade me hope for the best. In the course of a couple of months I ventured to tell her something of my feelings toward her.

"I had thought to live for my child alone," she answered, "but you saved him for me. I believe you love him, too, and"—she blushed then as she added—"I will frankly say that you are the first man who has ever possessed my whole heart."

I told her then that I knew it had never been given to another before, and—well, we have been married some time, and neither has had reason to regret the choice we made.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

SHOES OF OSTRICH SKIN.

Ostrich skin shoes, in smart tan or sober black, which it is claimed will outwear leather footwear and cost less, soon will be seen in Boston. The first consignment of ostrich skins arrived here lately in an American steamship from south Africa.

Manufacture of the shoes will begin immediately, and they will be offered to women and men as an Easter novelty.

FINDS AN HONEST THIEF.

F. D. Hass, railroad yardmaster, Sioux City, who was robbed of \$12, declared that he had discovered an honest thief when he received the following note:

"I'm the fellow who robbed you. I was broke and out of a job and my wife and kids were going hungry. But I got a job here and as soon as I get a little money ahead I will return what I stole from you."

Hass said if he knew who the man was he would give him "another \$12 for being so honest."

RIVAL TO MAMMOTH CAVE.

It is believed that the discovery of a great cavern in Hart County, Ky., which may rival Mammoth Cave, will result in a general exploration of caves all over the State in the hope of finding remains of pre-historic people. Mummies have been found in Mammoth Cave, and a skeleton was in the cave discovered in Hart County.

Prof. A. M. Miller, geologist and archaeologist at the University of Kentucky, said the other night that caves and "frock houses" in the Kentucky cliffs were used for burial of early peoples, and he believes relics of prehistoric man would be found. He disagrees with Dr. E. W. Berry of Johns Hopkins University who claimed there was no evidence of early peoples burying their dead in caves.

There are over 1,000 caves in Kentucky, situated in every part of the State. Lexington itself is built over one.

CODE OF APPROVAL SIGNALS.

Register of Motor Vehicles Frank A. Goodwin of Massachusetts has approved a series of hand

signals for power vehicle drivers which are practically the same as have been approved by the state officials of Connecticut, and the Massachusetts Safe Roads Federation has undertaken to carry on a campaign of education among all who own and drive automobile cars and trucks. The signals are described as given by a driver seated at the left side of the machine, but they can be given just as well with either hand. The code is as follows: Stop, extend the left arm and hold it stationary, with all fingers extended and close together. Left turn; extend the left arm and hold it stationary, with the index finger pointing and the outer three fingers closed. Right turn: extend the left arm with the fingers extended and the palm upward and rotate it from the rear to the front. Back: extend the left arm with the fingers open and close together and the palm vertical, and move it upward and downward from a horizontal position. Turning: give the "Left Turn" signal and repeat it until the vehicle has been turned and can be driven directly ahead. When turning always drive forward and turn into and with the traffic moving in the direction opposite to line of original movement. The arm of the driver should always be extended full length and held a sufficient length of time to justify observation of the drivers following.

LAUGHS

Jeans—No, I never take the newspapers home. I've a family of grown-up daughters, you know. Beans—Papers too full of crime, eh? Jeans—No, too full of bargain sales.

Stern Father—Young man, the lights are put out at ten o'clock in this house. Fresh Suitor—Could you not make an exception to-night and then put them out a little earlier.

"That," observed a friend of the family, "is a very superior woman. She can converse intelligently, I believe, on a thousand different topics." "Yes," sighed her husband; "and she does."

"Miss Biggs is interested in you, pa." "How so?" "Why, to-day, after she told me several times to sit down and behave myself, she said she wondered what sort of a father I had."

"I wonder," said the man of a statistical turn, "how much powder is destroyed daily in useless sautes?" "There must be a lot," replied the frivolous girl. But, I suppose, women will go on using it."

Godfather—Why arn't you at school, Bobby? Bobby—'Cause I read in the history book that great an' successful men usually started in life without any educational advantages, an' I'm more ambitious than other boys!"

"Mamma," said Elsie, who had heard her papa and mamma discussing household economies, "we have to be very saving, don't we?" "Yes, dear, but come now; take your cod liver oil and —" "But I was just thinking, suppose we 'commence on cod liver oil!"

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

THIEF SWALLOWS MONEY.

After he had been searched without avail, Abraham Abida, an Egyptian cashier, accused of the theft of \$1,000 in bills, was taken ill in the police station in Paris.

An emetic was given and soon Abida "coughed up" the missing bank notes. He then confessed that he had chewed and swallowed them when dining with the detectives who arrested him.

HUNT FOX WITH MOTOR.

They even hunt foxes my motor car down in the Allerton neighborhood. Three citizens were returning from Lineville, Mo., recently when a fox ran across the road ahead. Whereupon they let out a "view halloo" which made the car snort and prance. The game was to the swift and the fox, blinded by the car lights, was finally run down. He surrendered a fine skin to be made into a rug.

NEW DIVINGSUIT TESTED.

An 850-pound divingsuit invented by Rudi Degraff, a resident of Pear Street, New York City, received tests recently off Long Island, northeast of Montauk Point.

The suit, which is made of special rubber over the joints, with the upper section of aluminum steel and the lower section of gun metal, is flexible when dropped 264 feet and left at that depth for fifteen minutes it was found that less than one gill of water had seeped in. No air pressure had been used. The breaking down of a dynamo operating the air pump prevented a second test.

The inventor asserts that the suit will enable a diver to ascend 700 feet and work several hours under water.

SAYS HUSBAND SOLD HER.

Mrs. Cora Marie Johnson would like to be out of the lock-up at the Harrison Street Police Station, Chicago. She hopes that Berger Peterson, a butcher, of Rockford, Ill., will get a writ of habeas corpus for her. Possibly a writ of replevin would be the proper paper, for Mrs. Johnson considers herself as a "chattel" as the result of a "marital deal."

Enoch Johnson husband of the nineteen-year-old girl, sold her to Berger Peterson for a vacant lot in Rockford, valued at \$500, she said, after which, Berger and the latter's brother, Gus, had been arrested when the former sought to take his wife from a rooming house. All are held pending an investigation of the "sale."

Mrs. Johnson declared the transfer was made by a written agreement sworn to by a notary, stipulating that her husband relinquish all rights in consideration of the real estate.

FIND COLLEGE 'BOOZE RING.'

Superior Judge A. C. Hoppman held a conference with students of the University of Wisconsin in an effort to get cooperation in locating and withdrawing from the university. Four girl students have been known to "boogie" at the university.

university by request after having signed statements as to where they obtain liquor. Male students were named, but their names have been withheld by the authorities. Dean Louise Nardin confirmed the report of the expulsion.

The authorities are searching the Latin district for a still, where it is claimed the liquor was made and sold to men students "for parties."

SAVINGS BANKS DEPOSITS TOTAL

\$2,588,320,292 NOW

If the total resources of the 142 savings banks in New York State were converted into silver dollars and laid side by side, they would form two shimmering bands stretching round the world according to figures made public by the Savings Banks' Association of the State of New York.

The association's statement says:

"At the last reckoning total resources of the 141 savings banks of the association were \$2,588,320,282. The distance around the globe is approximately 132,000,000 feet. As the silver dollar is an inch and a half wide, it would take \$1,050,000,000 to circle the world.

"It is 238,862 miles to the moon. If a path of dollars were made from the earth to the moon, it would take 10,089,530,880 dollars to stretch from point to point. The dollars of the savings banks would extend more than one-fifth of the distance.

A NOVEL MAIL BAG.

"How many people know that South America can boast of the simplest postoffice in the world? It would take considerable guessing on the part of the reader to locate this postoffice, for he would find it at the very end of the continent. Even then he might not recognize it.

"Opposite Tierra del Fuego is a very high, rocky cliff overlooking the Strait of Magellan, and from one of the rocks is suspended, by a long chain, a barrel which receives mail. To be sure, there is no postmaster, nor is there any regular letter carrier or collector, but every ship that goes through the strait stops and sends a boat to this curious little postoffice, looks over the letters that are in it to see if there are any for the men on board that particular ship, and places therein letters for seamen on board ships that are known to be headed for the strait.

"Who was the person that first thought of such a scheme we are not told, but the sailors think a great deal of their unique postoffice, and there has never yet, to anybody's knowledge, been any violation of the confidence reposed in it. When a sailor sends a letter to it addressed to another seaman he is absolutely certain of its delivery. It may be that one of the two seamen is on a vessel which is not expected to pass by this ocean postoffice, but the letter may have on it a request that a vessel going east or west shall pick it up and deliver it to some point where the seamen will be sure to receive it. In this manner letters have been known to make their way to the Arctic Ocean, or even to India."

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

WOMAN SHOOTS BOY AND GIRL

Suddenly becoming insane, Mrs. Pearl Duryea, forty years old, wife of a typewriter company employee, shot her two children, Ruth, aged thirteen, and Gerald, aged ten, through the heads as they slept in their beds in the Duryea home at Peruville, ten miles northeast of Ithaca, N. Y. Both children died within a few hours. Mrs. Duryea attempted to commit suicide, but the act was frustrated by her husband. She was brought to Utica and locked up on a charge of homicide.

MAY FIND DIAMONDS.

Formations in Hardin County in the southeastern part of Illinois resemble those of the Johannesburg district, South Africa, and may contain diamonds according to an announcement by Francis W. Shepherdson, Director of the State Department of Education.

"Hardin County," said Mr. Shepherdson, "is, geologically speaking, a part of the Ozark mountains. It presents what geologists term a fault. This fault is akin to the formation of the diamond fields of South Africa, which are the richest in the world's history. No diamonds have been found in Hardin County yet, but if geological conditions are not misleading the presence of diamonds is not improbable. One of the world's best diamond mines is in this part of Illinois."

Twenty-two diamonds were turned up by a farmer's plow in 1912 in the southern part of Illinois. One of these weighed $7\frac{1}{4}$ carats. These are the only diamonds ever found in the State. More than twenty diamonds have been found in Indiana and a half dozen in Wisconsin, but these are supposed by geologists to have been washed down from the region of Hudson Bay in the glacial age. The only diamond mine in the United States is in Pike County, Arkansas. More than 5,000 diamonds have been taken from it, including one of 17 1-4 carats.

Pike County is also geologically akin to the Ozarks. The Arkansas diamond mine was discovered in 1866, but systematic mining did not begin until last spring. It is now in regular operation.

EFFECTS OF MILD WEATHER.

In Mill Pond, N. H., Harry Fairbanks, of Boston, exhibited a leather bag which was preserved in the winter during the interior of a 15-inch ice block which Mr. Fairbanks caught through the ice. When the ice melted that Mr. Fairbanks was entirely in earnest in his proceedings to preserve a "cat" in a bag, he went into the house and lay down under the stove.

Tommy Gibson is worried about his bird-hunting bag, the marvel of the Louisiana canebrakes. Mr. Gibson took the bag to Natchez, Miss., to grow it for a career in Newville, and in preparation for his intensive training took along a cage with three quail in it. Finding it necessary to return to his home temporarily, Mr. Gib-

son left hog and birds in a hotel stable, plentifully supplied with food and water.

He returned the other day and discovered the hog gaunt and tottering beside its unwatched food and tenaciously holding a "point." The cage containing the quail had been hung above the hog and for three days he had held his point, abstaining from food and drink. The animal is on the verge of a nervous collapse and may bring higher figures in his stage contract.

A short-legged gray bird, about the size of a duck, but with a long bill like a heron, which is bright scarlet, swooped down upon Mrs. F. D. Manchester's chicken yard in Concord, Vt., and was making friends with Mrs. Manchester's Plymouth Rock hens when the rooster intervened, and after a long and bloody battle killed the intruder.

Ten bluebirds, flying north, were seen on Miss Sarah Brassell's front lawn in Weymouth, Mass.

SALTIER LAKE.

When five capitalists of Calgary bought a small lake near Seneca, Canada, recently the country people laughed. The joke was that hard-headed business men should be so foolish as to invest real money in 187 acres of water.

The lake has been known for years as the Dead Sea. Though a few miles away rich farm lands stretch on every side, about it is a desolate, treeless prairie. Encircling it are beaches white with heavy accumulations of salt that at a distance resemble the breaking of continuous surf. In its snowy border the green lake suggests a giant emerald set in white enamel.

Boys who swim in its deep holes can lie on the surface without motion as on a feather bed, and could go to sleep comfortably if they wished. Standing upright without touching the bottom, nearly half their bodies are out of the water. Those who dive bob up to the surface like cork. It is almost impossible to sink.

Before purchasing the "worthless" pond the capitalists the quintet had the water analyzed. It contained from 32 to 55 per cent. salt. This is a salt content greater than that of the Dead Sea in Palestine and five times greater than that of the Great Salt Lake of Utah. The Saskatchewan Lake is believed to be the saltiest body of water in the world.

The new proprietors began at once to erect a solar plant on the shores to extract the salt from the water. Its output is ten tons a day. They have begun the erection of an enormous plant which, it is said, will increase production to 500 tons a day. The salt is the kind used for pickling, refrigeration and livestock.

The lake, once regarded as worthless, will prove, it is said, a gold mine to its owners. Experts declare it contains enough salt to supply all Western Canada and make it independent of Utah, from which most of the country's salt heretofore has been imported. The lake has neither inlet nor outlet, but is fed by saline springs which well up, it is believed, from vast salt deposits deep in the earth.

SURPLUS OF WOMEN IN AUSTRIA

The Austrian census of population taken Jan. 31, 1920, shows that the number of females has markedly increased, both absolutely and relatively, and in all age groups, says the Journal of the A. M. A. There are 1,087 females for every thousand males in the whole of Austria, but for Vienna alone the figures are 1,163 to 1,000, an increase of seventy-seven males as compared to 1910.

But if we take into consideration only those persons—classified as of a marriageable age—all unmarried females or males over nineteen years—we get quite a different aspect. In Vienna we find 1,413 females to 1,000 males at present, whereas ten years ago it was 1,227 to 1,000. In the rural districts the picture is not so appalling, but even there the ratio is never under 1,100 to 1,000, meaning that fully one-tenth of the females cannot hope to marry. Very striking is the change in the industrial and mining districts of our country. While in 1910 there was in these places a distinct surplus of males, now the females outnumber their mates by from 42 to 117 per thousand.

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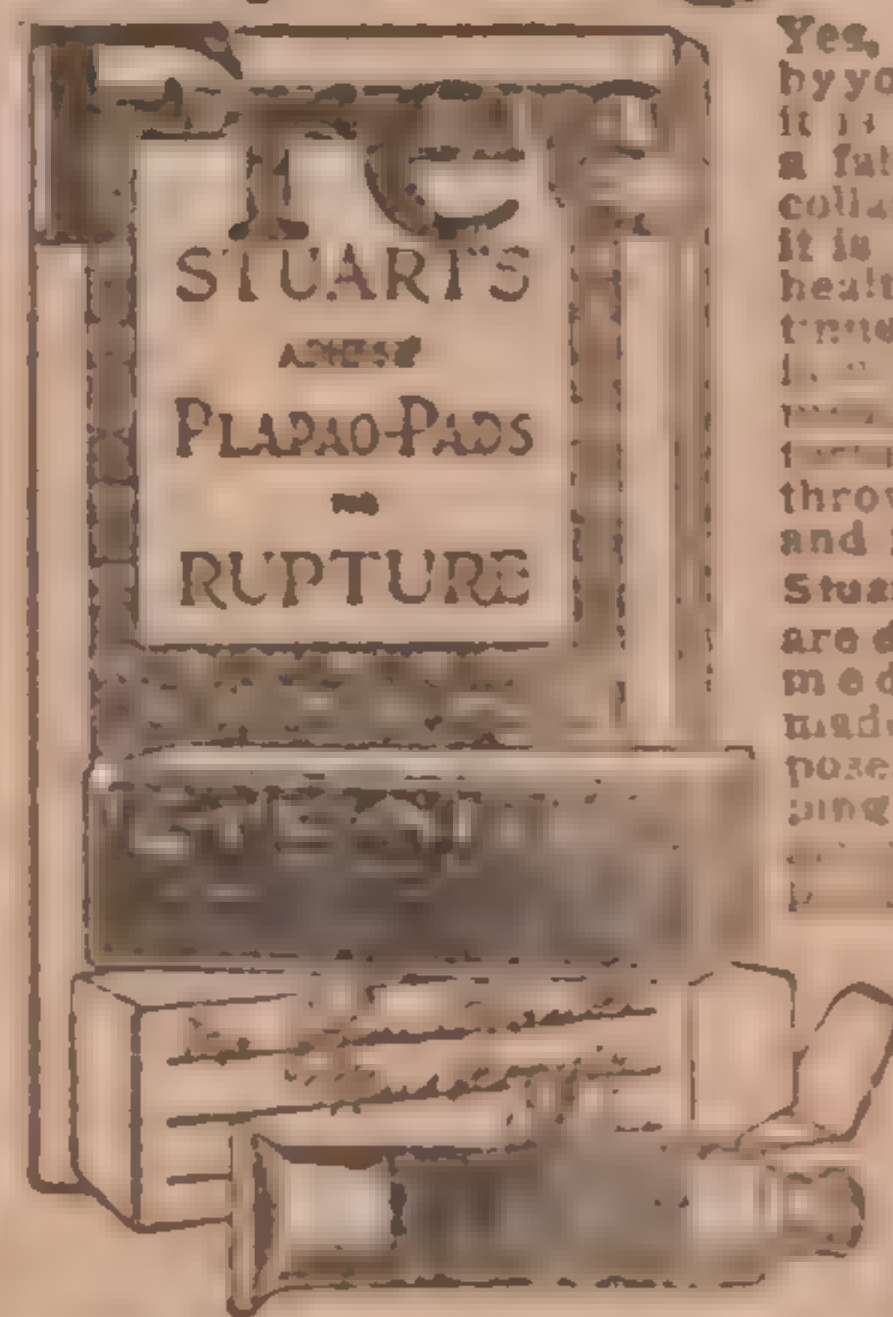
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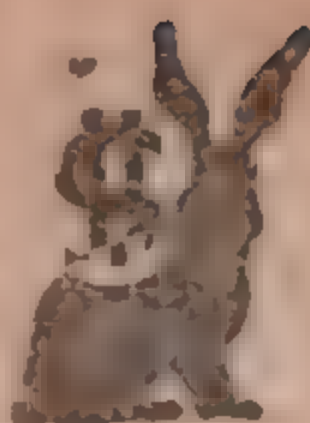
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Some time ago while excavating for a large underground gasoline tank at the Grass Valley Garage, Nevada County, California, Mr. A. B. Snyder, the owner, uncovered a well-defined ledge of gold quartz at a depth of six feet. Mr. Snyder decided to do some mining inside of his garage. A windlass was installed and a shaft sunk, and in a short time some beautiful gold specimens were extracted from below the garage floor. The shaft was sunk to a depth of sixty feet.

During the mining operations several tons of gold quartz were taken out of the shaft and drifts under the garage. This was crushed and milled in a nearby stampmill. The quartz gave returns of \$137.50 per ton.

After working the mine for a short time the waste dirt taken out accumulated in a large pile which extended the full length of the floor inside the building, leaving little room for automobiles. Mr. Snyder decided he had mined enough and shut down. A local gold-mining company then purchased the mineral rights under the garage and are now working the mine through their mine.

New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

On legal affidavit, John Hart Brittain, business man, certified to this: "My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth. Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs." Mr. Brittain certified further:

INDIAN'S SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

"At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian 'medicine man' who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as profuse as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious formula. I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair

It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, alopecia areata or certain other hair or scalp disorders. Miss A. D. Otto reports: "About 8 years ago my hair began to fall out until my scalp in spots was almost entirely bald. I used everything that was recommended but was always disappointed until at last I came across Kotalko. My bald spots are being covered now; the growth is already about three inches." G. W. Mitchell reports: "I had spots completely bald, over which hair is now growing since I used Kotalko." Mrs. Matilda Maxwell reports: "The whole front of my head was as bald

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as the palm of my hand for about 15 years. Since using Kotalko, hair is growing all over the place that was bald." Many more splendid, convincing reports from satisfied users.

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After hair growth

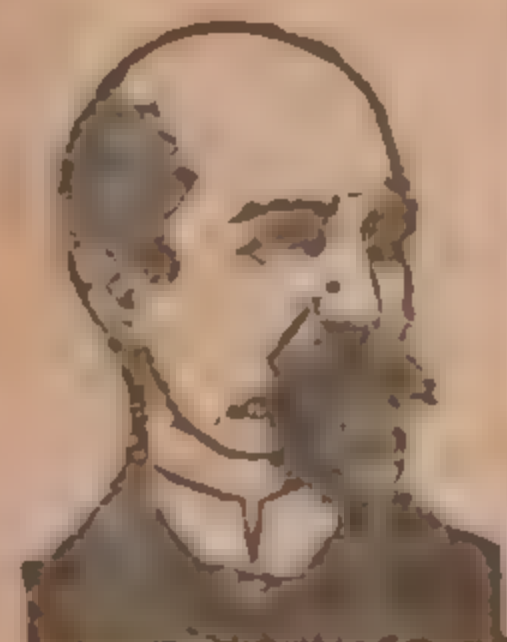


Photo when bald.



Kotalko is wonderful for women's hair.

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Interesting experiments with Rochelle salts at the International Communications Conference are reported in Science and Invention.

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It was shown that when these crystals are twisted or pressed an electric current flows from them — is squeezed from them, as the engineer put it. And conversely, when a current flows into them they wiggle and wobble in a most capricious fashion. There was a phonograph with the ordinary reproducer replaced by a salt crystal. From this crystal wires were led to another crystal placed in a phonographic horn and when the phonograph was turned on, the first crystal wriggled, producing currents which made the second crystal wiggle so violently that rich music poured from the horn.

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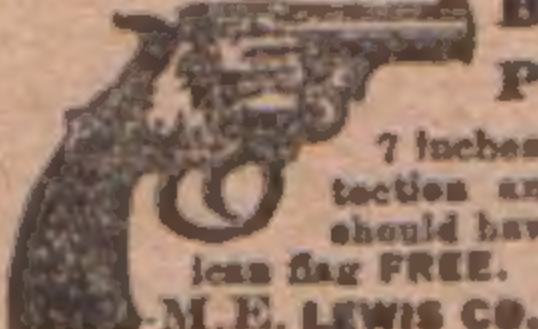
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